The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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ALFRED DE VIGNY.

IT has been suggested that readers of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE would like a study of Paul Verlaine. Verlaine may be considered as a "current topic," since his discomposing plaintive personality has only just vanished from Parisian life. We all enjoy current topics, and the writer settles obediently to jot down her impressions of that most melancholy and elusive and unwholesome poet.

But the little imp who has so much more to do with our actions than has our own solemn purpose, catches her elbow and holds it tight. And the imp whispers: Why talk of disease when you might talk of health? Why indulge the taste of this valetudinarian old century of ours to dwell on all the symptoms of its own degeneration? A man like Verlaine—disreputable and religious, *blasé* and infantile, cynical and mystical, reckless and penitent—is fascinating and pitiful enough, especially since he chances to be a genius. Yet he is only a nervous malady after all; why not hand him over

to Herr Nordau? I confess, though the admission be unfashionable, that I find healthy genius really more interesting than diseased genius. I know that many clever people insist that things normal, and simple, and happy are usually tedious; but for me, I love not to dwell on the vagueness of decay. A disintegrating organism appears, to be sure, more complex than the same organism in a full and harmonious vigor, and a pretty phosphorescence often plays about it, but that light will never show one's pathway, and that complexity speaks of death, not life.

To be interesting, genius must spring toward the future; a fire upon its countenance, it must find its romance in the chivalrous impulse toward ever fresh moral adventure—such adventure as only steady nerves can face. And when the genius simply sits down upon the ground dejected, and notes the impressions received by changes of emotional weather, I for my part am ready to leave it there.

And so I shall not write of Paul Verlaine—pathetic estray of Parisian life, undermined, like Musset and Baudelaire before him, by the sense-fever, yet haunted, as neither Musset nor Baudelaire, by dim memories of penitence, purity, and the repose of spirit which Catholicism knows so well how to offer. I turn away, and dreaming down the long splendid record of French men of letters, pause for strength and cool relief beside a man who never opened the citadel of his being to straying crowds of loose emotions and regrets.

Alfred de Vigny will never be popular, especially in his own country. There is little of the traditional Frenchman about him; nothing versatile, brilliant, unmoral, lightsome. He never turned epigrams. He never fluttered from art to art, passion to passion. Alone he lived and died. Shut up, as his contemporaries liked to say, in his "*tour d'ivoire*"—that is, within a nature white, hard, exquisite—he watched and suffered, aloof from the gay, impassioned, artistic campaigns of his romantic contemporaries. His work—a handful of poems, two or three novels, three dramas—came to him slowly or seldom. It was an incident in his own life rather than an aim. The worst of it, that written in the sentimental, ultra-romantic spirit of the subjective revival, won him the most contemporary applause. The generation of 1830 hailed because it understood the translation of Othello, and the feeble drama "Chatterton," which in their way marked battles won in the romantic cam-

paign of the time. "Cinq Mars," his most famous romance, is a French Waverley novel, marked by much of the prolixity and some of the unreality of that school of fiction, though with a brooding, wistful charm. His stronger works—a few brief poems, one book of sketches called "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires"—passed in his own day unrecognized. To-day few, perhaps, would read them. But an occasional wayfarer of thought chancing upon these sincere and sad fragments, half involuntary expressions, it would seem, of a nature ever fleeing toward silence, such a wayfarer now and again will go on his way gravely thankful because he has found the gift of a brother.

Never, perhaps, was a life sterner in pathos than that of Alfred de Vigny. Born for action, circumstances forced him into thought, yet mocked him with ceaseless suggestion of that from which he was debarred. He was the son of a Napoleonic general and a nobleman. He received his education in a *lycée* where war was in the air, and all his comrades, like himself, were filled with the generous ardor of battle. It is hard for us to realize to-day the passionate and exclusive enthusiasm aroused in France during the Napoleonic wars by the military idea. After centuries of suppression, after the brief, quickening spasm of the Revolution, the fierce, awakened energy of an entire and mighty people swept outward toward conquest. "La Gloire"—radiant if unsubstantial—hovered before them; the intoxicating joy of the deed possessed them; and one man, a man of almost dæmonic power to educe and attract greatness of spirit, excited a wild loyalty that created around his name a legend still extant. The brilliant novels of Stendthal, "La Chartreuse de Parme," "Le Rouge et le Noir," give a vivid image of the ambitions of the time; the writings of De Vigny show its lost illusions. No clear object was conceived in all this craving for action, except the expenditure of accumulated, restless force, and the achievement of "glory." A brutal and ignoble end, you say, looking at that fierce impulse for conquest in its historic bearings. Perhaps; but to the men of the day it seemed neither ignoble nor brutal. Intense fullness of detail can for a time obscure tendency, and there was in the episodes of contemporary life heroism abundant enough to suspend all question of the central aim. Stories of courage undaunted, of high endurance, of achievement almost superhuman, all inspired by passionate loyalty to the Emperor, fired the youth of France to take their part in the

mareh of valor. In crowds they joined the army, and elaimed rapturously their share in the great Napoleonic eampaigns.

De Vigny entered the military career with high-beating hopes. He served for fourteen years—and never witnessed an engagement. The tide of warfare was ebbing. "I belong," he says, "to that generation born with the eentury which, nourished upon bulletins by the Emperor, had ever before its eyes a naked sword, and advaneed to seize it at the very moment when Franee was putting it back in the sheath of the Bourbons. Thus in this modest picture of part of my life I will appear only what I was, speetator rather than actor, to my great regret. The events which I sought did not present themselves as great as I desired. *Q'y faire?* One is not always master to play the rôle one would have loved, and the coat does not eome to us at the moment when it would have suited us best." He identified himself less with a lost eause than with a dying passion, of which the hollowness beeame evident in death. Exhausted with material struggle, the world was turning for relief to thought and emotion. De Vigny made the mistake of committing himself to the past. His act was irrevocable. Young, grave, tense with idealism, he awaited a summons which never eame. He knew the bitter, passive hardships of a military eareer, the unrelenting, eeaseless severity of drill, the physieal exposure, the mareches pushed to the verge of exhaustion, the aseetie regimen, the drear solitude, the implieit obedienee. These made his life. But for the end of these things, the fighting to which they tend, without whieh they are worse than futile, he yearned in vain. The ardor of the battlefield leapt within his veins like flame; never onee did it find expression. He spent his life, down to minutest details, in rigid preparation for an experienee which never eame.

Different men would be shaped to different ends by this most ironieal destiny. One would beeome martinet; another sensualist; De Vigny, haughty, pure, impassioned, turned philosopher. In the long, silent hours of his wateh, in lonely marehing, in the eloistral seclusion of military discipline, he thought. Few and sparse are the reeords of these thoughts of his, but beeause this philosopher was also a poet, they will never be quite forgotten. Held by a singular fate apart from life, his meditations were austere. Eehoes of aetion reaehed him, but they were always sad. From the old veterans who had known what he might never know,—the joy and exaltation

of the conflict,—he heard story after story of the epic cycle which was drawing to a close. From his friends in the world—happy men, free to love and wed and labor—he heard of the emotions which stirred in blessed humble hearts. Hearing and brooding, De Vigny became a pessimist; these destinies seemed to him in essence no higher than his own, and earth's glories and earth's passions were evident as mere glamour on the darkness. He was an *esprit libre*, holding himself, at a moment of Catholic revival, aloof from creed, though not aloof from reverence. At a time when French poetry was first trivial, then brilliant with rhetorical and emotional fervor, his few quiet poems cut deep. Incidentally, they suggest many of the distinctive lines which poetry was to follow. De Vigny's poetic activity dates from 1815; that of Lamartine from 1820; that of Hugo from 1822. He suggests more remote successors than these. Before Leconte de Lisle he gives us, as in "Moïse" and "La Colère de Samson," the concise epic study at once of antique civilization and of an ever-modern despair. Before Sully Prudhomme, he gives us the poem, subjective, yet not egotistic—French critics often confuse the two—of psychological problem, as in "La Bouteille à la Mer," or "Les Destinées." A summary of the motifs of these thirty poems —there are no more—would show the intellectual reach of De Vigny. Two or three only can be suggested. There is a crystal grandeur to "Moïse," the rebellion of the solitary leader, his wail over his life, his cry for a sepulchre among men, not on the lonely heights:—

> "Vous m'avez fait vieillir puissant et solitaire;
> Laissez-moi m'endormir du sommeil de la terre."

"La Colère de Samson" treats with a ferocity of suffering, the ancient theme, the curse brought by the woman. "Dolorida," with a suggestion of Browning in its concise dramatic intensity, gives the story of the wife deceived; she has poisoned the fickle husband, who returns to die, restored and repentant, in her arms. The most famous of these narratives is "Eloa," a poem which in a few pages attains more in poetic and dramatic effect than Lamartine achieved in his long volume of epic verse, "La Chûte d'un Ange." There is an extraordinary mixture of Milton and Heine in this poem, with its half mocking, half sublime description of heaven, and its entirely original offsetting of the Principle of Evil against Good. Eloa, angel of compassion, born of a tear of Christ, is restless in heaven, and

wings her solitary way downward through space, in pitying, half-unconscious impulse to find and to console the leader of the rebel hosts. Uncertain lights playing through the darkness gather at last into the dim form of the fallen angel, resting in depths of infinite space. He is, in conception, the Lucifer of Byron, but less melodramatic and far more intensely felt. The dialogue between him and Eloa, as it advances, becomes more and more penetrating, and touched with ever more bitter irony. He draws her by her innocence, her pity, by the mysterious, attracting force of ill; yet repels her purity by the passions of hell, which play in his countenance. She hovers, doubtful—when a chorus of distant cherubim reaches her ears, singing the glory of sacrifice, the necessity of self-immolation to redemption. Determined, she sinks to the side of Lucifer; and the end, sinister and brief, gives us the wails and cruel answers which float upward as the rebel and the would-be redeemer sink into endless flame :—

" 'Où me conduisez-vous, bel ange?' 'Viens toujours.'
'Que votre voix est triste, et quel sombre discours!
N'est-ce-pas Eloa qui soulève ta chaîne?
J'ai cru t'avoir sauvé'—'Non, c'est moi qui t'entraine.'
'Si nous sommes unis, peu m'importe en quel lieu!
Nomme-moi donc encore ou ta sœur ou ton dieu.'
'J'enlève mon esclave et je tiens ma victime.'
'Tu paraissais si bon! Oh qu'ai-je-fait?' 'Un crime.'
'Seras-tu plus heureux? du moins, es-tu content?'
'Plus triste que jamais'—'Qui donc es-tu?' 'Satan.'"

The futility of sacrifice has rarely been portrayed with more sorrowful sarcasm. De Vigny's more philosophical poems, like "La Bouteille à la Mer" and "Les Destincés" are strong by their unflinching sincerity, and by that unfailing felicity and finality of expression which lends charm to even the most austere of fine French verse. In point of workmanship, however, he never attained that high polish characteristic of Gautier and his successors, nor, needless to say, that charm of vague expression and far suggestion inaugurated by Baudelaire. A classicist in style, though often romantic in choice of subject, his work at best is lucid, concise and masterful. It is more in the vein of Matthew Arnold than of any other modern English poet. There is small appeal to the visual imagination, much to the imagination of the mind. Even in such a poem as "Dolorida," the passion-

ate theme is treated rather psychologically than emotionally. In truth, De Vigny was more addicted to analyze and reflect than to see and feel; or, at least, his feeling habitually springs out of problem. He was a solitary and a stoic. Aristocratic, yet conscious that aristocracies were doomed, deeply religious, yet alien to Christianity, his aloofness forced him into originality. Till Sully Prudhomme we find no other French poet so intellectual, or, apart from Hugo, one so touched with wide feeling for humanity.

The noble compassion of the soldier for human pain pervades his work. "For this religion of human suffering," says Brunetière, "which Lamennais, George Sand, Auguste Comte all felt, but which lacked even in the last a solid philosophical and ethical basis, and which was in the others only a vague aspiration and a generous impulse, Vigny, in his pessimism, had found a firm metaphysical foundation. For he was a thinker; and the author of the 'Destineés' is of the family of Pascal. That is why I am surprised that among the theorists of pessimism his place has not yet been assigned beside Leopardi and Schopenhauer."

It is true that the general animus of De Vigny's work is profoundly sad. Faith in the social fabric failed him; nor could he take refuge, as so many of his generation, in a return to nature and rapturous admiration of primeval life. His attitude is characteristic of his stern sincerity. At a time when Châteaubriand was sentimentalizing over Nature's response to the soul of man, De Vigny saw in her a malign power. "They call thee a Mother; thou art a tomb!" he cries with epigrammatic terseness, and in somber, reticent lines develops this inexorable thought. He sees in human destinies only a passage from suffering of conflict to suffering of endurance, lighted by an uncertain gleam, which he never quite abandons, of distant hope.

Pessimistic Vigny is. But the depth of his pessimism is relieved by a splendid courage and a scorn of all that is base. The virtues of the soldier, finding little scope in his outward life, transferred themselves to the life of the soul. A sort of military Wordsworth, the stern necessity of submission and surrender is the keynote of his thought:—

> "Gémir, pleurer, prier, est également lâche,
> Fais énergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche
> Dans la voie où le sort a voulu t'appeler,
> Puis, après, comme moi, souffre et meurs sans parler."

Such is the end of a bleak and powerful poem, "La Mort du Loup," in which the wild creature dying amidst the forests in grim silence, is to him the symbol of his own repressed and purposeless life. In "Le Mont des Oliviers" he imagines, with an audacity redeemed from irreverence by its sorrow, a soliloquy of defeat, failure, unanswered question, on the lips of the Christ. The end of the poem has become famous. If indeed, says De Vigny, the heavens were mute to the pleading of the Son of Man, then

> "Le Juste opposera le dédain à l'absence,
> Et ne répondra plus que par un froid silence,
> Au silence éternel de la Divinité."

Into this silence of disdain De Vigny for the most part retires. Yet, despite the suffering they reveal, his books are stimulating rather than depressing reading. This is due to their high ethical note, their absolute sincerity, their compassion free from all weakness. His greatest novel, "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," is a French Sartor Resartus. Through pictures, stories, musings, all drawn from the period of the Empire, he shows us hopes deceived, ideals realized worthless when reached, human life denuded of honor, love, labor,—of all save obedience and silence. It is a strange picture of the inward life of that period of blaring outward glory,—a picture true in essence, I imagine, to the rigorous discipline and the general disillusion of the soldier's career. At any rate, the book is singularly touching and noble in its record of a patience reaching to heroism, and a submission to fate so perfect in sorrowful dignity as to establish the undying spiritual power of the humanity so sadly drawn. It is a far cry from this courageous and silent spirit to whom all desires were denied, to the petulant restlessness of Verlaine, by whom all desires were exhausted. A literary epoch lies between them. But without even hinting at literary movement or analysis, it is easy to see, putting the two men side by side, that depth of life is not measured by variety of experience, and that through the very negation of feeling and activity a loyal nature may press near to some central secrets, and may even attain to the creation of a little of that witness to the indomitable victory of life which we call poetry.

Vida D. Scudder.

JEREMIAH.

When mother announced that she and father were going abroad in June, and that we children were to be left in charge of father's Aunt Maria, there was consternation in the family. Three whole months without mother, and with an unknown aunt, whose name did not sound prepossessing!

"You must be very kind to your aunt, for she has had little to make her life happy," said mother; "and I should be sorry to have you make her stay here other than most pleasant. Katherine is old enough to take care of the younger children, and I am sure the time will pass very quickly. Why, you will hardly know we are gone before October will be here, and we shall be at home again."

We shook our heads sadly, but made up our minds to accept the inevitable with a good grace.

A few days before the travelers were to sail Aunt Maria duly arrived, accompanied by a shivery little black and tan dog, a parrot, three bandboxes, and an umbrella. She never intrusted her belongings to a trunk; she wished them right in her hand, she informed my father, as he helped the dog to the front seat of the trap. She was an energetic person, this aunt of ours, tall and angular, with sharp blue eyes, and brown hair, that wouldn't grow gray, gathered into a tight knot at the back of her head. She came from Boston, and looked on New York as a very wicked city, where she, however, with her strong Puritan prineiples and Pilgrim ancestry, was as safe as Daniel in the lion's den. In spite of her peculiarities she won our hearts through the dog and the parrot, who performed their tricks to our great satisfaction, and promised fun for the future, especially the parrot, to whom my brother lost no time in teaching all the slang known to the small boy.

The next three or four days were very busy ones, and before we knew what had happened we were driving away from the dock, with more or less tearful eyes, and mother and father were really gone.

Then there began a new *régime*, with new duties for us. Aunt Maria was afraid of burglars, and every night before we went to bed, Katherine, brother Jack, Aunt Maria, and I had to march from cellar to attic, to be sure that every window and door was securely fastened; the dog had to be fed at

exactly ten o'clock; and the parrot must be covered, for unless kept in the dark he was inclined to awaken early, and rouse the household by singing "Hail, Columbia," or screaming "What!" to his own remarks.

We had never thought of burglars, but by the time we had been told how prone New Yorkers were to thieving, and had had direful tales pointed out to us in the papers, we grew really alarmed on the subject. I even caught Katherine taking a surreptitious peep under the bed before she put out the light. Nevertheless, in spite of our fears, nothing out of the ordinary happened till one afternoon the cook announced that the roast for that day's dinner was nowhere to be found.

"Oi put it in the oice box, mum, whin it come, and it was there whin Oi wint upshtairs to put on me afthernoon dress, mum; but whin Oi come to fix it, mum, it ain't there at all, and what shall Oi do for the dinner, mum?" Katy delivered these remarks with great force, and departed without waiting for an answer.

"You must call a policeman," Aunt Maria said, after deep thought.

"What good will that do?" asked Jack; "you don't know of anybody to arrest, and, anyhow, how do you know that the ice-box door wasn't left open and Sascha didn't steal it. He looks as if he had," he added, wickedly, glancing at the dog lying peacefully asleep on the couch. This attack on the integrity of her favorite caused Aunt Maria to dart to her own room in high dudgeon, with the remark that we "might do just as we pleased. Come, Sascha, poor little doggie!"

We interviewed the "second girl," and found that a cup was missing from the pantry, besides a plated silver spoon and a pitcher of cream; also, that an organ grinder with a very miserable little monkey had asked for some food that morning, and had been refused by Katy, who "couldn't abide thim animals." Some one who didn't belong there had evidently visited our larder; but as we missed nothing more valuable than a kitchen spoon, we decided to let the matter rest. The next day more food was gone, and the next, but after that we were not disturbed. So we children were inclined to think that the spoon and pitcher had been lost, and that Sascha knew more about the meat and cream than he cared to tell.

One evening about a week later we were preparing to go into the house and to bed, when we heard a shriek issuing from Aunt Maria's room, and

presumably from Aunt Maria, who had gone up before us. We rushed upstairs, burst into the room, and stopped in amazement on the threshold. There was our dignified aunt, in rather light attire, standing on a chair, waving an umbrella in one hand and her false front in the other, in the direction of the bed. And on the bed, crouched between the pillows, was the tiniest, most miserable little monkey ever seen. Poor little fellow, he had been rudely awakened from probably the most comfortable nap he had ever had in his much-abused, hard-worked life.

"How in the world did he get here?" we all asked, when we had recovered from our astonishment sufficiently to speak.

"I don't know, I'm sure!" answered Aunt Maria, descending from the chair. "I suppose he climbed up the water conductor. He must have run away, for here's his chain. You see, I didn't light the gas at once, because it was so warm; and when I did, and saw that thing on my bed, I was greatly alarmed." She had evidently got over her fright; if not she would have said "scared."

"Well, what'll we do with him?" I asked.

"Put him right out in the yard, of course."

"Oh, don't, Aunt Maria; let's tie him in the cellar;" said Katherine, who likes animals of any kind, and had been making friends with the little creature during the explanation.

"Well, perhaps you would better tie him somewhere; and I don't know but that the cellar's as good a place as any," answered Aunt Maria. "He might get in again if he were left in the yard. But tie him tight, and be sure you lock all the doors!"

So Katherine led the monkey downstairs, and made him as comfortable as possible.

Next morning she announced to the assembled family at the breakfast table that she meant to keep "that baste," as Katy called him, till mother and father came home, at any rate, and longer if she could. So she did; for his master, presumably the organ grinder, never appeared to claim him; and Katherine usually had her own way, anyhow.

Jeremiah, as we called the monkey, from his mournful expression, took a violent fancy to Aunt Maria, who, unfortunately, did not return his affection. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Jeremiah fell in love

with Aunt Maria's possessions; for he appeared in the parlor one day with her false front upside down on the back of his head; he hid her glasses, and insisted on sleeping in her bonnet box. On the whole he was a great trial to the family, but everything he did was amusing, so that even father, when he came home, said he might stay. Jeremiah was quite impartial in his attentions. He painted the mirror in the parlor with father's shaving brush and the mucilage, he shut the cat in the oven, and turned off the electric light when Katherine had callers,—all with equal cheerfulness. No one was neglected except the cook. Of her he had stood in great awe ever since she found him in the coal bin with a jar of cream, and, I am sorry to say, whipped him.

In the spring the little fellow caught cold, and in spite of the best of care he died. We all felt very sad, and the younger children refused to be comforted. He was buried in the tulip bed; and Jack made him a tombstone out of a slate from the roof, with this choice and appropriate inscription:—

"Jeremiah
Has gone higher."

K. B. Read, '99.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S LETTERS.

To our credit be it said that at the root of much of the public curiosity concerning the private life of a great man, there is a deep human sympathy. When men and women who are struggling along the commonplace thoroughfares of life, see beyond them a man who has proved his right to distinction, they are anxious to know how, under burdens strangely like their own, he has made the greater journey, and won their applause and emulation. Since the letters of such a man may in a measure answer these questionings, they have a peculiar and a far-reaching interest; an interest keener, perhaps, than any biography can give, because here there is no third person stepping in between the man and the reader.

This absence of a third person is delightfully conspicuous in the two volumes of Matthew Arnold's Letters. In this respect the editor has done

his work admirably. Owing to Mr. Arnold's express wish that no attempt at a biography should be made, it was impossible to add any full notes to the letters. We find, therefore, only such footnotes as explain obscure references to persons, places or books, with here and there a brief word in regard to important events. From Mr. Russell's short prefatory note, a friend's tribute to the man, we gain at the start a clear impression of those enduring qualities in Matthew Arnold's character which we find emphasized by subsequent reading. With the exception of this brief introduction, the letters stand by themselves to show the man as he was. "The peculiar charm of his letters lies in their perfect naturalness. They are, in a word, himself," says Mr. Russell. Yet after reading some five or six hundred pages we pluck up courage to admit that we might have had more of the man if we had had less of "himself." The endless repetitions of dinners, bad and good, of snoring neighbors, of baths, barbers, and bilious attacks, seem rather to add to our wonder at the tireless patience of the writer, than to give insight into his character. If Mr. Russell had cut into the letters more ruthlessly, leaving out many minute details which could appeal only to the most anxious of wives, the result might have been more satisfactory to the general reader. On the whole, however, we are well pleased with his thoroughly objective and conscientious treatment of material.

Of the letters themselves there will be many opinions, but a few leading characteristics must strike all readers. No one can fail to notice that the list of correspondents here represented is very short. Nearly all the letters are those written to members of Matthew Arnold's family. We find him, as he constantly signs himself, ever a most affectionate son. The weekly letters to his mother, which cover a period of twenty-five years, are remarkable for what they show of a frank companionship and loyal deference. The touching tributes to his father's memory reveal the powerful influence that dominated so large a part of the son's life. To his younger sister he writes enthusiastically of every wild flower he finds in a new region. The letters to Mrs. Matthew Arnold give minute accounts of traveling companions, sandwiches, princes, and glaciers. In the second volume the rambling, loving letters to his two daughters and to his son, show the delightful comradeship between father and children. Yet of all the family letters, the most interesting are those to his sister, Mrs. Forster, about whom he thinks so often in

connection with his work, and with whom, as to a critic and friend, he speaks freely of his own sense of the importance of the task he has set himself to do.

"I thought the other day that I would tell you of a Frenchman whom I saw in Paris, Ernest Renan, between whose line of endeavor and my own I imagine there is considerable resemblance, that you might have a look at some of his books, if you liked. The difference is, perhaps, that he tends to inculcate morality, in a high sense of the word, upon the French nation as what they most want, while I tend to inculcate intelligence, also in a high sense of the word, upon the English nation as what they most want; but with respect both to morality and intelligence, I think we are singularly at one in our ideas, and also both to the progress and the established religion of the present day."

In passages such as this, while the thought and the manner of expression remind us of the essayist, we see also the man writing frankly to one who will understand his attitude and his earnestness of purpose. The many allusions to his work, however, occur incidentally in letters giving bits of home life, or interesting encounters with Disraeli, Thackeray, Gladstone, and other prominent men. In an early letter to Mrs. Forster, he alludes to a friend of whom we have too meager mention. Referring to his interest in the political agitations of the time, he says:—

"I have only poured forth a little to Clough, we two agreeing like two lambs in a world of wolves. I think you would have liked to see the correspondence."

To see it were indeed a pleasure, but one unfortunately denied us. We wish also that we might enjoy his letters to Sainte-Beuve, in connection with whom one of the significant characteristics of the English critic is distinctly shown. Arnold's peculiar sensitiveness in giving adverse criticism finds expression in a letter to his mother.

"I have been bothered composing a letter to Sainte-Beuve, who has sent me the new edition of his poems. Every one is more sensitive about his poems than about his other works, and it is not on his poems that Sainte-Beuve's fame will rest; indeed, except in songs I do not see that French verse can be very satisfactory. . . . However, Sainte-Beuve's poems have all his talent in them, although they have not exactly the charm of poetry; but it was difficult to say this in a way he would like. I have at last written

and sent him a letter with which I am tolerably well satisfied, but it has given me a great deal of trouble."

That Matthew Arnold was bothered in composing anything inspires the reader with a moment's wicked glee while turning the leaves in search of further signs of the critic, who, indeed, appears on almost every page, giving opinions of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë, which will meet with wide dissent. The following warped comment is an instance of the blind judgment so often shown toward his contemporaries.

"I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line—as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet, especially a poet at this time of day, is that, my interest in him is slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm."

His own work he judges according to the principles by which he tests the work of other writers; and perhaps it is owing to his belief in these principles that he can say, with evident sincerity, that he rebounds more readily than most men from the attacks of the reviewers. He receives adverse criticism with less chagrin than when he gives it. Many readers will be glad to look with the author's eyes upon that work of his which has excited most comment. In the home letters are two noteworthy passages in which Arnold refers to Literature and Dogma:—

"It will more and more become evident how entirely religious is the work I have done in Literature and Dogma. The enemies of Religion see this well enough already."

A few weeks later he replies to certain questionings from his sister:—

"This is in part an answer to what you say about treating with lightness what is a matter of life and death to so many people. There is a levity which is altogether evil; but to treat miracles and the common anthropomorphic ideas of God as what one may lose and yet keep his courage, hope, and joy, as what are not really matters of life and death in the keeping or losing of them, this is desirable and necessary, if one holds, as I do, that the common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance upon miracles must and will inevitably pass away."

Few careful readers of the letters will call the writer a man devoid of religious sentiment, yet the expression of this sentiment, and indeed of every

other, is dominated by his extraordinary self-poise. The infinite patience throughout years of drudgery, and the tranquility with which he meets the crises of his life, reveal the same steadfastness. After the death of his son Trevenen he says, with a suddenness that strikes home to many readers, "I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive."

This is perhaps the nearest approach to an outburst of feeling, yet even here the sorrowing heart of the father does not disconcert the calm self-dependence of the man.

The strong feeling of admiration for much nobility of character is mingled, as we lay the volume aside, with one of dissatisfaction, due, no doubt, to the same mighty self-mastery that inspires our respect. As we have failed to meet the man of passion, so we have failed to meet the poet. He, too, is completely hidden under the calm exterior of the man. One or two meager references lead us to fancy that there was a poet. There is a hint of his reticence when he says:—

"My poems I am less and less inclined to repeat, although if I lived with K. [Mrs. Forster] I daresay I should never have got out of the habit of repeating them to her."

There is nowhere the ardent, poetic fervor that we see in Lowell's letters. Indeed, the contrast between these two men could hardly be more striking. In each case we have the letters of a critic, essayist, and poet: in the one the ardent, buoyant, vigorous nature with its strong lights and shadows; in the other, the earnest, cheerful, strongly confident man who seems to walk always in a narrow track of light. Matthew Arnold saw the world in his own genial way, always quite unconscious that it might be otherwise than as he saw it. The world, in trying to discover the real man, cannot overlook his unselfish loyalty to his principles; but neither can it deny a nameless lack of that broad human sympathy always demanded of a great man. We enjoy the playfulness of some of the home letters. We like to see the great Persian cat leap silently to his desk and rub her sleek face against his shoulder. Yet these glimpses do not dispel the impression of conventionality. Everywhere we see the man devoted to "*les sentiments les plus légitimes.*" We are awed and disappointed by the impregnability of what Mr. Russell calls the "magnificent serenity of demeanor."

G. L. Cook, '99.

CÆDMON.

I do not know; I think I cannot sing,
My hand is trembling so; the room sō still.
'Tis fated that I fail, so weak my will.
Pass on the harp; I cannot touch its string.

I plunge into the night; the doors behind me swing.
Oh, all the dark without is drear and chill!
Yet better than the feast this moorland hill,—
And now I hear their mocking laughter ring.

I could not sing; alone of all the rest!
And my hot tears fall fast into the night;
The meek-eyed herd stirs not.—Oh, vision blest,
What art thou, standing there with brow of light?
What is this melody that round me rings?
It cannot be! Yea, Lord, mine own voice sings!

I. H. F., '96.

TENNIS TEA.

They had all come hopefully, for the sake of the tea and the tennis. It was two years since Millbridge had been bidden to the Annises', and, after all, the right of opening the season belonged to them. What had happened in Boston in the meantime had, on the whole, little bearing on life at Millbridge; it had always been the habit there to respect the Judge and come to Mary's teas, and Boston is many miles from Millbridge. Besides it was not Mary's fault, and probably the Judge would stay in the library.

So Mary held her little court, as of old, under the elms at the left of the tennis ground, smiled and chatted and looked quite like a young girl in the pink gown she had brought from Paris. And they all shook hands more or less warmly with her, and then resolved themselves into decorous groups about the tennis court. The edge of the dusty white court and of the green terraces above it were already thickly spotted with light frocks, and it was not yet four. There were not very many black coats; but men are never plentiful in Millbridge, even in the summer season. So the guests toyed contentedly enough with their teacups and wafers, and watched Annis Archibald and Archibald Bradlee playing as hot a game of tennis as was possible with the Parlor girls in the way. It was all quite like the old days.

At a time when the group about Mary was thickest, Louise Mackenzie detached herself, having had her hostess's pale cheeks and smiling mouth before her long enough. Mary was the Mary of the old days; the atmosphere about Mary was the same: Louise wondered as she made her way through the same old people on the edge of the tennis court. She wanted to talk to somebody, and walked meditatively past flippant Grace Archibald, past Willie Angell, the unhappy genius of the town, past Willie's ill-bred aunt, gossiping happily with Mrs. Haynes.

"And when the house in Boston was sold," Mrs. Severance was saying impressively——

Louise bit her lip, and passed over to where kind Mrs. Pritchard sat, neglected and restless and lonesome without her Doctor. Mrs. Pritchard was grateful and nervous as Louise sat down beside her, and after a minute's fidgeting began the unnecessary explanation.

"Poor dear Mary!" she said. "I'm so ashamed. Do you suppose she noticed, Louise? And she came over last week quite as in the old times to ask my advice about the invitations. She must think it strange. But I could not get the Doctor to come. Everyone knows what he and the Judge used to be, and I told him so; but he wouldn't listen. 'He had some reading to do,' he said. He always used to come, you know, Louise."

Louise nodded, and tried to say something. Mrs. Pritchard, more nervous than ever after her confidence, fidgeted again. "O I must go," she said. "There isn't a crowd about Mary, so I can tell her how lovely it's all been. It really is late, isn't it? And I hope she hasn't noticed."

It was not late, and Louise had some trouble in crossing over to the left side of the court, where she saw her cousin Eustace Parloe chatting with Mrs. Whitwell. Mrs. Whitwell welcomed Louise with a smile and a lift of her black eyebrows.

"I'm just pleading, Louise," she said, "that my luncheon last week was really inaugural; but Eustace says it wasn't, because there were no men there, and because I'm not an Annis."

"And I've just been making as plain to you as I can," murmured Eustace, pulling his new red beard, "the dramatic value of the present situation. Even the usual Annis rain won't be necessary, I judge."

"O, if you call a general dampening dramatic," pouted the widow.

Louise bit her lip again. But she had come with a question to ask, so she said shortly, "Uncle's not coming?"

Eustace slanted a glance down at Louise over the top of his collar. "Unfortunately," said he, "my father elaborates his ideas for Millbridge use in Cambridge, and Boston has been sharing some rather rough material with Cambridge this last year or two. Also, he likes to avoid having to come in when it rains."

Louise did not understand the workings of her cousin's masculine mind, but as she arose she decided that, however his flippancy was to be taken, Eustace had come home from Göttingen a brute. Then, prompted by a sudden suspicion, she looked her indignation at Mrs. Whitwell. Mrs. Whitwell still smiled, and Louise was sure.

She acquitted stupid Eustace of considering this complexity a part of the dramatic situation. But "Why don't they announce it here?" she wondered grimly, as she started back to Mary. She grinned at Laura Parloe as she passed her, and wondered if she knew. She looked at Mary Annis and wondered—did Mary know?

The crowd had thinned away from Mary by this time. She and her old protégé, Willie Angell, sat together under the elm trees. Poor Angell! Louise knew, as well as Angell himself, that he had come to Mary to talk of his successes just as he had babbled to her in the old days of his dreams. Kind, tired, tactless Mary was chatting cheerfully on of the remarkable new rector; of Tom Collins, who had already twelve pupils on the violin, and was about to have a waltz published. Angell was twisting his moustache upwards in a series of miserable smiles, waiting for a chance to say something,—not to demolish that ass Collins, but just something about the new mass in b flat, a deprecation of the popularity of the last little song series. Mary still strayed in the wrong path as Louise came up. Poor selfish Angell! Poor tired Mary! Louise touched the hand that Mary held out to her, and sat down in the grass beside her chair. She could not help following Mary's glance as she chatted. It fell on Eustace and Mrs. Whitwell. Louise bit her lip again.

It was late. Mary had to rise to receive the adieux of the people who were going by twos and threes. They were all a little more subdued than the hopeful people who had come an hour or two before. Everything had been very nice, and quite like the old times; but tennis and tea are never

over-refreshing. There were perhaps a dozen of the sprucest left, when Mary looked up over the terraces toward the house, and saw her father coming down the slope on the arm of kind Archie Bradlee. Annis Archibald looked at Willie Angell and grinned. Louise looked for Cousin Eustace, and sighed with relief at finding him gone.

So the Judge took his turn at holding court, handsome, dignified as ever, not a bit less assured or less charming than in the old days. The people who had stayed forgot to be doubtful, and merely wondered. The Judge took the measure of the little group and wondered if he would not have done well to come before.

The Annises were back again. They had given the first informal affair of the season, and everything was quite as in the old times. Louise sat under the elms by tired Mary's side, and bit her lip hard.

EDITH ORR, '98.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

"YOU do not know me, Mrs. Van Dorm."

He sat, with an uncomfortable air, on the edge of his chair, and there was an eager seeking for contradiction in the thin, dark face. It died away, however, and the customary lines of reserve and shyness came back to their places, as the professor's small wife settled herself among the cushions of her husband's big chair.

"No," she said slowly, bringing the tips of her fingers together before her as she looked critically at her guest. "And yet, I do. I should never think of calling you a stranger. But I meet so many young men, you know ——"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted. "I ought not to have asked it, even. But—I was at the University some years ago, and used to come here now and then, with the other fellows, for a cup of tea and a word with you in the afternoon. My name is Dane."

"Why!" The little woman sat up straight with a more active show of interest. "I remember," she said, rapidly. "You are an American, and there is something queer about your work here,—unusual, I mean? You ——"

"I went away very abruptly," he said, dryly. "I fancy that is the distinctive point. It was before I got my degree, too. You were very good to me in the old days, and I have wondered since if,—if you noticed that I did not come to bid you good-by, or explain. That is partly why I'm here to-day, Mrs. Van Dorm."

The professor's wife was listening with a slightly puzzled expression, a reflection of her feeling that she really ought to recall something more. Her guest noticed this. "Not," he continued, losing his hard manner in the embarrassed consciousness of the flush on his face, "not that I flattered myself that you would remember, or care. I have rather fallen into the habit of doing little things of this sort to satisfy myself."

"The poor man," Mrs. Professor was thinking in the depths of her sympathetic heart. "He is too used to being forgotten." So there was an added cheeriness and cordiality in her tone as she rose and crossed the room to her little tea table. "I have made tea for you before, then? Well, I'll do it again now, and you tell me all about it. I know my head isn't good for much. My husband has enough for us both, you know —— You are smiling!" with mock reproach. "Oh, I know what you students say about my opinion of him! But, there! I don't want to talk. I want to hear you. Begin at the beginning, and tell me."

The man sat back and looked at her for a moment. A sense of comfort and familiarity stole over him. The bonds which usually held his tongue seemed to loosen, as they had often done before under the same genial, womanly influence, and he felt no resentment that he was merely one of the many who came to her in the same way.

"I was studying here, working for my doctor's degree, with your husband chiefly," he began, like one who has a story to tell, and time enough to tell it in his own way. "I worked literally, for I hadn't much money, and there was a fine position promised me at home if I came back at the end of that, my third year, with a Ph.D. Things had gone on pretty smoothly. I never was particularly brilliant, but I was thoroughly in earnest, and my course began to look pretty straight. The final dissertation was the main thing, and that was coming on well. It was to finish collecting material for it that I finally left Zurich and went to Tréves about ten months before it was due.

"I stayed in an old monastery there, to which the professor had secured

me entrance, and for eight months was deep in the great musty books of its library. The monks were chary of their treasures at first, but little by little they opened up their best for me, and put in my hands more than I had ever dreamed of finding. They were old, old books, many of them priceless, and printed, or in some cases written, in quaint characters almost unintelligible. I have spent days in trying to glean a single item from the confusion of their pages. And the brothers were so kind to me."

Mr. Dane had almost forgotten that he had a listener. The familiar room, the professor's wife, the associations of the old student life, had brought up everything so vividly that he could almost believe himself that younger man, living it all over again.

"The monks were bookish men themselves," he went on. "They understood that I wished for the most part to be left undisturbed, and it was only now and then that they came and talked with me, sitting on the stone bench in the midst of the quiet greenness of their garden. The day that I went away one of them sat opposite me for a long time without speaking, and then he said: 'Will Monsieur leave the monastery? I would have him stay and become one of us, for the companionship he brings me.' Poor fellow! The very loneliness of his speech made me tingle with the desire to get away from the deadness of the place, back to the world where men lived their lives.

"The last few days of my stay in Tréves were spent in sorting and arranging not only the notes I had obtained in that library, but all the data collected in three years for my final thesis. Then I took leave of my good friends, and started back for Zurich. The quiet life had done me good. I was rested and invigorated. My work was nearly over. I was like a schoolboy whose vacation is at hand. There was only the short journey back to the university, the comparatively slight task of finishing up my thesis, the trip across the Atlantic, before I rested on the soft cushions of that professor's chair. And the key to it all, my precious papers, I would not intrust to the hands of baggage masters, but carried with me in a little brown canvas bag.

"We had gone as far as Basel, where one must change cars. It is a little place with a common dingy station, having a ticket window on one side and a bench on the other. There was no one in it or about, to all appearances. We had only about twenty minutes before the Zurich train was due,

so I put my bag and umbrella on the bench, and stepped to the ticket office. There was some delay. The ticket agent could not, or would not, understand, and it took me several minutes to straighten him out. Then I turned again taking up the 'Miserere' where I had left off whistling to talk with him. My bag was gone!"

He did not notice the exclamation from the professor's wife, but hastened on, excitedly.

"I could not, would not see it at first. I was ready to believe myself blind,—anything but the truth. No one had been there. No one could have come in. Who would want the poor old things but me, anyway? I searched every corner of that little room. I was almost frantic when I could find no traces. I accused the ticket agent, knowing that I was a fool all the time, for I had been blocking his narrow window completely, so that he knew no better than I what had gone on behind my back. My train came and went; but I stayed about that little station for a week, making inquiries of everyone I saw about an old brown canvas bag. I searched the streets and outskirts of the town, and pried into the houses wherever I could. I had no money. No one seemed to take any interest in my loss. And then I heard that people were beginning to talk of me as the crazy stranger, and I did not know how nearly right they might be.

"So I came back to Zurich," Dane went on more slowly, "but I couldn't see my way clear to anything, and I didn't care. I had always had a hard time, had struggled against my bad luck all my life, and then I made up my mind to give it up. I had just money enough to take me home steerage, and I went, without seeing anybody.

"I couldn't bear to look at a book for awhile, so I went to work on a farm. I suppose it was weak and foolish, Mrs. Van Dorn, but—I have never yet ventured to sit in judgment on the man who did it."

There was a long pause, then Mr. Dane rose. "I think I'll not wait for the tea, Mrs. Van," he said in the old fashion. "I didn't mean to talk so much about myself, but you always made me, and I know you'll understand. And I may come again? Yes; I am to be in Zurich some time. You see," rather nervously, "things have been prospering somewhat better with me lately, but I have felt more and more uncomfortable about this, and I've thought more and more about the—the cowardice of it, so—I've come

back to do it over. Probably," there was a thoughtfulness in his voice, "probably I shall get more out of it now, any way."

Mrs. Van had crossed the room to where he stood. He was not the kind of man you could make a hero of, exactly. The little professor's wife herself could put her hands on his shoulders. And she did.

"You've come back, after this time, to do it over," she said, slowly, emphatically, looking him square in the eyes. "Well, I shall not forget you again."

GRACE M. DENNISON.

A FELLOW-BOARDER.

As far as anyone knows,—and there are many gossips in Centreville,—he has walked home with her every Friday evening for years from the weekly church meeting. He seldom goes farther than the gate, and does not accept her unfailing invitation to come in, except rarely on winter evenings if it is very cold; for Centreville people do not stay out long after nine, and that is the hour the prayer meeting closes. On summer evenings, however, he leans over the gate, and passes a final decision on the weather with her, she standing erect quite firmly, meanwhile, with her Testament in her neatly gloved hands. She entertains him every Tuesday evening, besides, in the back parlor of the quaint little boarding place she makes her home. Passing the room one evening when the door was ajar I saw them. He was leaning back in a chair, fast asleep. She was playing solitaire. It was an epitome of their mutual relations, for he is, in reality, fast asleep to the situation, and she is still, metaphorically speaking, playing solitaire.

F., '96.

UNCLE REMUS'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

UNCLE REMUS was a good old soul, and one of the very pillars of the church down at Clay Corners. He could spell out a text of a Sunday almost as well as Elder Bryan, the good pastor himself. He was a fervent exhorter, and when he "wrasstled" with the Spirit in meeting, there was sure to be a noticeable uplifting of the little flock. The old man's relation of Biblical facts, too, was something remarkable, and ought to have counted

for much in the proper bringing up of the youth of the congregation; for the moral of the tale was always admirably and forcibly fitted, even though the facts themselves did not at all times accord with the generally accepted version. In short, Uncle Remus was Elder Bryan's mainstay and support, and it is hard to say how the good brothers and sisters of the church could have got along without him.

But Uncle Remus had his faults, and the chief of these was apt to show itself too plainly in his frequent prayers. The old man was ambitious of distinction, although it may have been only his deep piety manifesting itself in a misleading way. At any rate he prayed too often, so the brethren thought, "for de good Lawd to sen' de Angel Gabriel, with a golden chariot, for to tote ol' Uncle Remus straight up to the pearly gates o' Zion."

This had been the burden of his prayers all through the long revival season that always began with the summer camp meetings of the church at Clay Corners. In fact, ever since Uncle Remus had left the ranks of the backsliders years before, this ride in the golden chariot had been, apparently, his one desire.

In spite of his heavenly aspirations, however, Uncle Remus took an active part in all the ceremonies of the meetings. He was, as it were, the self-appointed sexton, and saw to it that the pine knots flared in their places every night, save when the bright moonlight made them unnecessary. It was Uncle Remus who led in the wild fervor of the "Jerusalem jump," when the enthusiasm of the congregation reached the highest pitch. He also started the singing, and could be heard above the others, shouting or groaning, according as the Spirit moved the flock to sing "The Glory o' the Golden Streets," or, "O Sinner, look-a where you's a-going," swaying back and forth and beating time the while. Sooner or later, however, the old negro was sure to revert to his favorite theme. Long and impressively did he pray for the golden chariot that was to whirl him away in a great blaze of glory.

One night, late in the summer, the meeting was prevented by a storm that swept suddenly down from the mountains on the east. Heavy clouds blackened the sky, and vivid flashes of lightning lent at times a weird appearance to the trees, bending and swaying in the wind and rain. For the most part, darkness reigned among the whitewashed huts of the negroes. Only

in Uncle Remus's cabin, isolated somewhat from the others, was the feeble light of a candle visible.

Within, the old man sat upon the floor, swaying rhythmically back and forward to the crooning sound of his own melodies. In the lull of the storm his voice could be heard in lusty supplication for the golden chariot. Suddenly a violent crash of thunder drowned all lesser sounds. As it reverberated and rolled away the old negro sat still listening. Surely that was a voice calling softly, "Remus, Uncle Remus!" The sound came weirdly down from above.

"Who's da?" cried the old man, rising tremblingly upon his feet.

"De Angel Gabriel," was the reply; "git yoursel' ready, Uncle Remus. 'Fore de mawning light de Angel Gabriel is a-comin' for to fetch ol' Uncle Remus up the golden stairs."

Scarcely had the words been spoken before the light in the little cabin vanished. With a quick breath the old negro had blown out the candle, and now from the darkness came, in piously regretful accents, "I's sorry, sah, but you's made a mistake dis time. Dat ol' nigger, Remus, what you's a-lookin' for, has been dead dis long time. He doan live here no mo."

So it was that Uncle Remus missed at last his chance to ride in the golden chariot. Whether it was visions of the watermelons still ripening on the vines, or thoughts of the 'possum hunts yet in store for him, that deterred him at the last moment, is hard to say. But it is reasonable to conclude that he will now have to content himself with traveling the ordinary way out of this world.

E. V. Patterson.

ON SHIPBOARD.

A gray, gray sky, and a gray, gray sea,
A gray fog hangs between;
And never a ray that makes its way
From the shrouded sun is seen.

But still to kiss the sea the sky
Is bending, and the sea
Stretches its hand to reach the land;—
Love is no phantasy.

E. Loudon, '96.

SKETCHES.

I.

With her gayety, her good-nature, her happy self-complacency, undisturbed by constant failures,—with her shrewdness and her silliness and her erratic sense of propriety, she is a type. She is Daisy Miller,—the American young woman who, according to Mr. Howells and Mr. Robert Grant, is as extinct as the mastodon. Extinct! So much that is happy and pretty and endlessly amusing! Why, there is something as refreshing in the very badness of her manners as in the tilt of her impudent little nose.

II.

The Italian ambassador was a most bewildering person. He came unannounced, merely presenting his card: "Guido Campanini, Secretary of Legation to H. M. the King of Italy,"—and requesting to see the College. His English was the most unintelligible and the most fluent we had ever heard; for three hours he walked about the buildings and grounds, looking at nothing, and never for one instant checking that stream of mutilated words and sentences. When we grew expert enough to catch a clew to his meaning, we found that his topic was Woman. He had made the subject a life study, and had written a book, in two volumes, proving that the blonde is the ideal type. His discourse was nonsense without interruption; his manner had the touch of the older civilization, too often missed in better men. He remains a puzzle still. There are those who hold that he was not Secretary of Legation to H. M. the King of Italy at all, but a base impostor; but how purposeless a masquerade unless, like Colonel Sapt, he loved a good lie for its own sake! The real problem is, it seems to me, Was he sane or not? And that is as hard a question as Hamlet's madness.

Florence McM. Painter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.

A glimpse of work among the Southern negroes I cannot give, but I can tell a few West Indian negro tales. We started on this trip to the Windward and Leeward Islands one gray February afternoon. As for the weather,

suffice it to say that we went into the thiek of the February hurrieane. We had a deek stateroom, and it is yet a mooted question between us which is the worse,—to be very siek, or not to be at all siek, but to be housed in a little hole of a stateroom, beeause it is not safe for one to venture out on the deeks. Forty-eight hours of uninterrupted bumping back and forth in a berth gives one time to think unutterable things. Bermuda was hailed with joy as dry land. You have all heard about Bermuda, with its white coral streets and houses, its beds of onions and lilies, and its elean and invariably pleasant negroes, ever ready with their "Mawning, missus." So we will not stop at Bermuda, but will go on to St. Kitts.

St. Kitts, with its red-roofed houses nestled among the trees, is pieturesque,—at a distance. But at close quarters we proved the saying, "Distanee lends enchantment." There is no doek at St. Kitts, so one is rowed ashore from the steamer by colored oarsmen. You must wait full ten minutes after you appear on the ship's ladder for the boatmen to fight for the honor of rowing you ashore.

Once there, moreover, you are driven nearly insane by the frantie efforts of fifty or more negroes to get you anything you wish, or take you anywhere you ehoose, even to the moon. You are besieged by such questions as, "Missus, give me penny?" "Pretty lady, 'member de poo' ole' 'ooman?" When asked why one should give them money, they reply, "Case I'se so poo'."

The negroes are of all eolors, from the darkest to the lightest, and all are equally lazy and shiftless. One cannot blame them too severely, however, for the West Indian elimate is eertainly enervating. They are the gayest, most light-hearted people that one eould find; always ready to laugh and joke, and more than ready to stop work to gossip with friends under the eool shade of a banyan tree. When an idea onee penetrates their wool it is never lost. For instanee, one of our party happened to have very curly hair. The women notieed this first, and looked hard at her, then brought others to see the sight. After mueh talking among themselves, one old mammy dared tell her, "You's eolored." And neither the fair skin and blue eyes of the amused one, nor the denials of the rest of our party, could convince them.

Shoes and stoekings are a luxury for Sunday only. The elothes of the

men and women often look quilted, because of much patching. The women all wear bright Madras handkerchiefs on their heads; and if some are aristocratic enough for hats, these are perched on top of the turbans. In Barbadoes white handkerchiefs are the fashion, rather than colored. The little children are not burdened with clothes of any description, and they look like so many animated bronze statues running about. The women can hardly be troubled with housekeeping cares, for the houses are most dilapidated affairs. An Irishman's shanty would be a well-built house compared with one of these hovels. They are about as large as a "main building" bedroom, and when you learn that families of thirteen or fourteen live in these huts, you are convinced that the West Indian negro is like an "all-wool" garment, —capable of much shrinkage.

Everywhere the negroes are anxious to come to America, or Boston, as they put it. If the older ones cannot come they are desirous that the younger people should attain to the bliss of Boston. One mother offered me her seven-year-old boy for a shilling, if I would take him home with me. When I objected, on the grounds that she would miss the child, I was assured, "O no; I'se got ten or twelve mo'."

It would never do to leave the band of St. Kitts undescribed. There were five pieces in all: an old battered French horn, that looked as if it might have banged the heads of fifty negroes, an accordion, a piccolo, a triangle, and a tin can filled with pebbles. That old can was the life of the band; it whirred, buzzed, and gave quick, sharp beats. The man who— what shall I say?—played(?) it, seemed to be tireless. We all concluded he must have the strength of a Yale athlete in his right arm. We were treated to "After the Ball," "Daisy Bell," and such noveltics; and last, but not least, to a crazy negro arrangement of Yankee Doodle.

These West Indian negroes are superstitious to the last degree. For instance, in Dominica my pony shied, and my guide crossed himself. When asked what was the matter, he said, "He see Obeah." This Obeah is an all-embracing term for witches, devils, and such folk, and is most thoroughly significant to the negroes.

Dominica is too beautiful to be passed over without a word. Imagine, if you can, an island all mountains, rising sheer from the bluest of blue water. The mountains are all high, and covered to the very top with the

most luxuriant foliage. There are some wonderful sulphur springs at Dominica, which one ought not to miss. The only way they can be reached is by a bridle path. Such little mangy, ugly ponies as we had from which to make our choice! As my experience in riding was confined to a childish attempt at riding a cow, I selected the sorriest, meekest-looking pony of the lot. Alas for my hopes! My steed was ambitious, and just as I was getting comfortable in the saddle, the boys of the party decided to race. I hardly knew what had happened when I found myself bumping along at a furious gallop. My hat wobbled, first over one ear, and then over the other, while I equaled it by bumping briskly from the pony's neck to his tail; first on the left of the saddle and then on the right. Beware of meek-looking ponies in Dominica.

Our path wound through the most beautiful orange, lime and cocoa groves. In some places great chasms yawned on one side of us, while on the other a high wall rose perpendicularly. Everywhere were the most gorgeous flowers and foliage. All things steamed, for it showered at least every ten minutes. Each one of us had a small boy attendant, who pattered over the sharp stones as unconcernedly as if he were walking on cotton wool. Occasionally he would stop to pull a thorn from his foot, and trot on again.

Just as we flattered ourselves that we were at the springs, we found we must be carried across a river. Our guides picked us up and started. I feared I was too heavy for mine, but he assured me that I was light. Imagine the humiliation to my vanity when I was carried back by two men!

Anyone who has worked in chemical qualitative analysis will know when she nears the Dominican springs, for the air is loaded with H_2S. One lady mildly put it, "It smells queer." Queer, indeed! The rocks above the springs were all discolored by the sulphur, and encrusted with it. The springs themselves looked like slowly bubbling gray mud. Eggs cooked quickly in this mud, but the odor and steam soon drove us away.

These are but a few of the odd things one hears and sees in the West Indies. If you desire new experiences, take a voyage to the far-famed Antilles.

Frances E. Hildreth, '95.

EDITORIALS.

I.

THE growth of the College makes it harder each year to preserve inviolate the beauty of our grounds. New paths are cut, the old ones are beaten broader, solitary spots become frequented, poles and wires are put up for electric lights, new buildings must be raised as we get money, and more and more constant attention to repairs is needed. The committee on grounds in the Board of Trustees have a task of constantly increasing difficulty and responsibility. The members of this committee, moreover, live out of Wellesley, and supervision of our extensive estate demands of them much trouble and sacrifice of many days. It is time to come to their aid with reinforcements. Why should we not have a committee on grounds in the Faculty to work with the trustees? There are small passing needs for attention to the grounds which a non-resident committee cannot supply, because there can be no certainty that any member of the committee will be on the particular spot at the particular time. For instance, the campus was boiled last spring,—watered day after day in the hot noon sun. The board walk through the pear orchard has been unsafe for students in slippery weather this past winter, because so many of the cross laths were broken away. A tree which might have been saved was taken up near the Simpson board walk when the electric-light poles were placed. A Faculty committee could give attention to these small, important things. Workmen could understand that they were to do no tree-felling or anything of that kind without authority, and there would be no chance for any part of the grounds to suffer from the ignorance or neglect of care-takers.

Another need for such a committee is suggested by certain remarks in this issue on the athletic field and the boathouse. Both field and boathouse were needed; but both have detracted from the beauty of the grounds by being put where they are. If future classes have a body with whom they may consult readily, thoroughly, and often, their gifts and improvements may be more advantageously placed.

Being always on the spot would not, however, be the only advantage of a Faculty committee. The Faculty know the grounds as no one else but the

students can—some of them far better than any of the students. Only those whose daily life is spent in Wellesley can know by heart the curves of every little mound, and the order in which the trees bud and shed their leaves; can find the red squirrels and the cranberries, and tell with their eyes shut the feel of each bit of a path to the feet. And it stands to reason that the people with the most intimate and sensitive knowledge of the grounds can be of great assistance in so planning improvements as to preserve and heighten the beauty of the place.

II.

But no amount of official care and protection can fully care for and protect our grounds. The final touches lie in the hands of the students—our hands. There ought to be a student conscience about keeping our out-of-doors beautiful. Just now, this conscience might direct itself to three things. In the first place, don't let us cut any unnecessary paths over the campus. We have begun two paths that we ought to give up at once. One of them is on the way to the Chemistry building. We cross the road from the asphalt and strike a board walk, which turns after a few yards and runs on to the Chemistry building. But instead of walking on it to the turn, we have begun a cut to avoid doing so. This cut saves us six or eight steps, but it detracts much from the looks of a corner which already labors under the disadvantages of a great deal of roadway and dust. Can we not give it up, and take the few extra steps? The other cut is the new one from Stone Hall to the path between Music Hall and the Art Building. There has been one such cut for a year past, but we are now beginning a second. These paths mar the campus sadly, and surely the second one is unnecessary. In the next place, we could be more careful about broadening the paths we have already. When '97 entered College, the path from the East Lodge to the east door looked so unfrequented, that several of us, entering the grounds for the first time alone, took it for a sort of cow track, and were careful for two or three days to walk to the Main Building along the whole length of the drive. Ninety-seven broadened the path that year, of course, for it brought the greatest student avalanche that had struck the village. It is broad enough now. Yet we keep on widening it by walking on the edges instead of in the middle. True, the middle is dusty—gets sand in our shoes and

spoils our skirts; but not before the board walks are taken up. Yet even while they are down, we are careless about trampling the edges of the grass. We are beginning, too, to walk on the edge of the round plot before the north door, instead of on the road, so that the grass looks a little frayed round the border. For the first time, however, there are no signs this spring of a desire to cut a path in the line of the board walk across that plot, or over the brow of the campus in a bee-line for Norumbega,—a desire which has always been manifested hitherto, even in the face of bars and fences. That is good, but we ought to make it unnecessary to put up bars and fences at all. We ought to be able to decide at once for ourselves that we won't make ruts in the sides of our hill.

We think, in the third place, that we might spare the wild flowers more than we do. This, of course, is a matter of opinion. It is not wrong to pull the flowers, if one likes to treat them that way. Only—the result of the yearly pulling is a yearly diminishing, and the girls of to-day who gather the wild flowers are making it impossible for the girls of to-morrow to enjoy them, and are helping to destroy one of the sweetest charms of Wellesley. Of the fourth matter of conscience there is no question. We certainly ought not to drop trash around on the grounds. Our bits of orange skin, and banana peel, and the ends of letters should not be foisted on the public eye at the side of the walks and on the campus. We ought to keep them until we get home to our wastebaskets.

The new girls, naturally, cannot have the strong feeling of upper-class girls for the grounds, although they see that they are beautiful; but if each older girl would try to cultivate in herself so genuine a sympathy for the beauty around her that she could not be careless of it or desecrate it, the younger students would soon catch the sense of the sacredness of our rare out-of-doors.

III.

A FREE PRESS article in this issue presents strongly the claim of the basket-ball teams to the athletic field. The writer knows her subject. She is on the '97 team, and has played on both the spots used for the purpose at present. Certainly, if the College desires to uphold out-door sports, it must uphold basket-ball, and give the teams all possible advantages. If the

present grounds are not fitted for playing, and we have a spot that is fitted, is it wise to convert that spot into a garden? It is rather hard on the teams in the first place; in the second place, is a garden in that spot desirable? If trees were planted there they would obscure a very beautiful view of the lake. If flowers were planted it is doubtful whether they would present enough improvement on the grass to counterbalance the loss to the teams. The question between field and garden is at least worth careful reconsideration.

IV.

The estimate of societies, by a non-society girl, in a Free Press article this month, will doubtless seem very unjust to many society girls. They will think it a prejudiced generalization made from rather superficial observation. But we beg the society girls not to meet the article in the spirit of indignant contradiction, or even of indifference, but to try to put themselves in the place of the writer, and then frankly and impartially to look for the grounds of her opinion. The article is not bitter, nor does the writer pretend to lay the conduct of society girls to any motives. A large acquaintance among non-society students enables us to state positively that a general—we do not say universal—feeling among these girls is expressed. And a general feeling, however mistaken, does not grow up without some basis.

V.

The committee for collecting contributions for the new additional house for the College Settlement on Tyler Street, next door to Denison House, is now at work among the students. Anyone will realize the great need of Denison House for this additional accommodation, when she understands that only one class an evening can meet in the present quarters; that there is no suitable place for the boys' club; that the mothers' club, held in the parlor, is necessarily subject to inundations of outside guests, who must be received into the discussion, and that the pleasant old practice of having the children in on Saturday afternoons has had to be given up. The addition of the new house will remove these difficulties. There are five bedrooms upstairs, and accommodations for the boys' club in the basement, and the whole first floor is thrown into a large room which is designed by the Settlement to be "the beautiful part of the house." As Miss Dudley says, "Den-

ison House is very nice, and has some pretty things, but it is not possible to make an ideal room there. This big room in the second house we want to have perfect, as far as it goes, in tinting, in furnishing, in outline." Various colleges are helping to furnish the house. Smith has undertaken a room upstairs, and two other colleges have followed her example. The Chapter of the Wellesley Alumnæ have authorized Denison House to lay a hard wood floor in the big downstairs room, and raised above a hundred dollars for the purpose. The Wellesley Undergraduate Chapter wants to fall into line, and complete the furnishing of that room—"the beautiful part of the house." The Chapter cannot do it alone, however. Indeed, it is not simply chapter work. The neighborhood friends of Denison House feel quite familiar with Wellesley College girls. But they do not think of those they meet as members of a chapter; they think of them as members of the College. If the room is furnished by our students they will know it as a gift from the College, not from the Chapter. And it seems to us that Wellesley could have no more fitting token than a really beautiful room in the Settlement, with which it is peculiarly, intimately associated.

VI.

YOUR ears, if you please! We want to beg you to sign your name to anything you send to the Magazine. Sign it for the editors, we mean, not necessarily for the public. Certainly articles may be sent, and published, unsigned, but the position is awkward, to say the least, for the editors. If the article sent is not published we want to do two things: talk or write to the sender about it, and give it back to her. We cannot get rid of a very discourteous feeling when an article is simply ignored, as one unsigned and unpublished must be. Though for various reasons the article may not be just suitable for publishing, it has usually meant something to the writer, and we want to acknowledge this, and to tell her why we cannot use her work. Sometimes, again, matter comes in unsigned which ought to be published, which we are anxious to publish, but which needs imperatively to be changed or modified in some way. This is the most distressing situation we have yet come across. We want with a mighty want to consult with that unknown girl, and we think if she gave us the chance she would not be sorry. Even when articles come that are quite ready for use, it would be very satisfactory to know who wrote them.

THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL?

Beauty, health, convenience? Convenience, health, beauty? Which is the better order? The first was mediæval, if we may trust our art critics; the second is eminently modern. Is it possible to imagine a third order Utopian,—yet some Utopias have been realized,—which should emphasize health first, of course, health last, health always, but should at least occasionally be willing to assign beauty the precedence over convenience?

Does some one say that convenience and health are synonyms? Not at all. A short cut is doubtless convenient when one is late or lazy, but the longest way round is often the shortest way to health, especially among people leading a sedentary life, and rarely getting as much fresh air as they need.

If a vote were taken, I believe ninety-five per cent of our college public would choose to maintain and develop the beauty of Wellesley, even at the sacrifice of some degree of convenience. We should surely have cause for lamentation were it otherwise in an academic community. Convenience comes first, for the most part, in the world outside. Some of the glorious places of the earth are becoming impossible to the modest lover of nature. In the interests of rapid transit and material comfort, the splendors of the Alps are profaned. Railway gashes are cut through their noble mountain lines, table d'hôte dinners served on their lonely summits, and the virgin snows of the Jungfrau protest in vain when an elevator is shot up through the outraged heart of her. Meanwhile the spirit of commercialism drives apartment houses up into the city sky, at the very moment when a net work of electric lines would seem to make concentration of people needless. Against these things we can never protest directly. But an indirect protest is silently uttered by every noble college and university, standing in its seclusion for the preservation of life's higher and less utilitarian values. No one can overestimate the worth in modern England of the quaint and quiet dignity of the beautiful university towns, where reverence for the past still holds in check the march of modern improvement. We in Wellesley have not much human past to reverence, not many artistic monuments to preserve. All the more reason why we should jealously guard that beauty

bequeathed to us by ages yet more remote than those which gave England its noble architecture—the beauty of the countenance of Mother Earth, which in our little world has quite singular interest and charm.

This is no plea for sentimental conservatism. Changes have to be, and it is the human privilege to make nature more lovely because more available. Only, in all change, the true landscape artist never contradicts Nature, but follows her lead and reveals her full intention. This principle was delightfully and remarkably carried out in the first planning of the Wellesley grounds. Meanwhile, we all know that the ugliest times are times of transition, and we may be glad to trace, especially of late, many a move toward permanence. A board walk, for instance, is a hideous object neither rural nor urban. Thousands of exquisite associations blossom along the footpath where Mother Earth bears patient witness to the tread of eager pilgrim feet. On the other hand, a brick or stone pavement is dignified and suitable in its place. The board walk is a miserable compromise. We all hailed with gratitude, therefore, the solid and permanent path laid last summer by the side of the campus, and others of the same kind would be welcomed along our chief thoroughfares. But might we not keep a few footpaths also—a very few, especially in routes which are purely voluntary, and where an alternative way offers good transit in bad weather with no more serious loss than that of five minutes' time? Some modifications are necessary as the College grows; others may be made or not, according as saving of time or saving of beauty is the chief desire. Others still (alas! that they are not unknown in the last few years) are the result of pure wantonness. Let us welcome the first class; let us lift up our voices against the third; and as to the second, let us remember that the preservation of æsthetic values is the outward and visible sign of our very end and aim,—the preservation of the inner values of thought and faith. Hundreds still with us, hundreds more who have left us, cherish with loyal devotion every least detail of our lovely heritage, every tender undulation, every noble tree, every wild nook of woodland tangle. Only those who have lived at Wellesley can really know her. Some of these things must doubtless be sacrificed as time goes on, and certain thoughtful plans carried out for us of late show that from such changes a fuller beauty may at times emerge. May we not beg, then, that changes be made cautiously, unobtrusively, with deference to

the will of Nature, and always in the spirit of loving reverence for the rare beauty intrusted to us, first by the great Mother herself, and then by that true priest of hers, our generous founder?

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

A RECENT visit to Wellesley has revealed many and startling changes in the outdoor world. While rejoicing in the many signs of progress which the past few years in especial have brought to the inner Wellesley, an alumna could weep over the scars upon the beauty of the nature world,—a beauty which has made her Alma Mater unique and pre-eminent amongst American colleges.

All the clinging wisteria which glorified the south side of the Main Building with its purple bloom has been torn down ruthlessly. Nature's work for twenty-five years has been destroyed in a few hours by those who, if report be true, had the sanction of none in authority. The bushes and vines which covered the ugliness of the swamp near the ice house, and in full view of the sunset windows of Norumbega, have been cut down in the interests of hygiene. The song birds which have flitted thereabouts have gone elsewhere. The curving, shaded path which led past the ice house toward the West Lodge was made hideous some years ago in the interests of sanitation. One could almost breath anathemas upon the modern mania for microbes. However, these changes may have been best, and one would not be narrow-minded. All thanks and gratitude are due for the electric lights. By night they render the trees and roads only the more beautiful. By day, one cannot help wishing that the poles had been placed with a view to the natural curves of the land and roadways, and not on the stern mathematical principle of the shortest distance between any two given points. To prove this axiom, trees have fallen victims to the axe; symmetry has been destroyed. The question arises, "Why need poles have been used at all?"

Far be it from any of the older alumnæ to criticize the class whose loyalty and devotion turned the old buttercup meadow at the foot of Stone Hall hill into an athletic field, and heaped up the earth near the foot of that grand old oak so that part of its beauty is gone; or the class who have fulfilled a long-felt want and made a shelter for the boats, but who have concealed the view along the shore toward Tupelo. Let it be hoped that future classes will

consider most carefully these precedents. In the swamp filled with white birches, directly behind Music Hall and the tennis courts, the wantonness of workmen has cut a broad road, wide enough for two ice carts to pass. Here also the birds have been disturbed. The place is as unsightly as any dirt-heap outside of a newly made city. The old "coal-gate" road has been improved, but one result has been to make it far easier for the coaches and carriages which bring visitors from the station to scurry up "the back way." The long, stately driveway and prætty stone lodge, so carefully planned by the founder of Wellesley, are now rarely the introduction to the college buildings. Even the old path across the meadow is not the joy it once was, for the ugliest, the most hideous of the devastations has here been wrought. The daisy field is crossed by a staring board walk, and, oh to think of it! through the soft contour of one of the little hills is a deep, ugly gash, "a short cut." Across the low land, purple and white with violets each spring, is a long trail of earth, on which the board walk rests. It is as dismal and uninteresting as a railroad track, and one has analogous pleasure in walking thereon. Time and Dame Nature may heal some of the other scars, but nothing can restore the outline of the hills and the old-time grace of the daisy field.

To bewail these changes is not sentimental; it is not unprogressive. As students we loved the beautiful Wellesley world. As alumnæ, the deep influence which that beauty has given grows stronger with every year. To those of the alumnæ who have been transplanted to the prairie cities, where there is no natural comeliness, the vision of Alma Mater, "with all its wealth of woods and waters," is peculiarly an inspiration. Quietness and peace, the courage for fresh endeavor, come through that composite of memories. The educational value of such surroundings needs no proof. The Greeks taught the world that long ago, and made Truth and Beauty synonymous. The object of these brief statements is to place before the alumnæ, who have not had the pain of a recent visit to their Alma Mater, the havoc wrought in "the College Beautiful." Is it right that such things can be? Should workmen, untrained in landscape gardening and with no sense of the eternal fitness of things, be allowed to hack and cut at will? As loyal alumnæ let us enter a vigorous protest.

Caroline L. Williamson, '89.

The spirit of change at work here at Wellesley is in some ways less painful to the undergraduate than to the alumna who revisits the College after months or years away. The student hears the improvements canvassed, and watches them progress, interested if injured. She is accustomed to them gradually. There is one of our recent changes, however, which even the apathetic undergraduate mind cannot get used to. That is the board walk across the meadow.

If it had been a necessary measure we could have submitted to the destruction of one of Wellesley's most delightful features. But almost all of us fail to grasp what benefit we gain to make up for our loss. It seems, in the first place, that the necessity of a board walk across the meadow might be a disputed point. There is the comfortable walk from Fiske through the Simpson woods, a little longer, to be sure, but sheltered from the biting wind which sweeps across the meadow. Moreover, in all but the worst weather, the meadow has been passable, for those who preferred it, without a path. Besides, there were two other ways in which a walk might have been laid. It might have followed the road, and then skirted the village street, here, too, sheltered; or it might have gone in the old track and passed under the oaks. There was no need of gashing and scarring the little hill for the sake of saving a few steps.

This is not the protest alone of one who does not need to go back and forth across the meadow, and so can sentimentalize. The remonstrance comes even more strongly from those who do pass over the meadow day by day. They alone can estimate just how much the repose and unworldliness of the curving path mean in our busy life. They realize that we hustle here and there with our eyes fixed on board walks altogether too much here at Wellesley. They can tell better than casual visitors, passers-by on the train, or any outsiders, however well meaning, what kind of a walk is needed across the fields. They know, and we all know, that we do not want the Wellesley we have known and loved spoiled little by little. The world is ugly enough. America is ugly enough, and it is growing uglier and more sophisticated. Here Wellesley gains—has gained, at least—its great advantage. It can grow mellower and more beautiful year by year, if it will, while the world grows dingy and smoky outside. It can, but is it going to? It must needs give up some things to gain others that are better. We realize that. We

do not want to be peevish, sentimental, exacting. But we do want to be sure that we are gaining, before we give up anything so beautiful and so distinctive as the curves of the little path worn across the meadow.

A. F. Wilson, '96.

FREE PRESS.

It is only a little thing to say "Thank you," but it is one of the little things that count. That is why I wish to be the mouthpiece of many girls in saying the "Thank you" to Dr. Clark and other trustees for the plank walk across the meadow. It is a great and unqualified blessing that means, for just one thing, no more wet feet. To feel that there is no longer a pond to be paddled through on stormy days is a great relief. Again, the shortened distance is most welcome in our whirl, where every minute is valued. But it is not worth while to enumerate the various comforts and advantages of our new board walk. They are apparent to those who use it. Let us simply be truly grateful for this improvement, and say most heartily, "Thank you."

Elizabeth S. Adams, '96.

Those who have walked back and forth over the meadows in all sorts of weather, realize more than any others what the new board walk means. It may be straight and conventional, as the meadow path was not, but it has the acknowledged merit of offering a dry and sure footing. Now that the hill has been sloped to resemble nature, and the grass has given promise to cover the bare ground, the gap is no longer a defacement, as was once thought it would be. The students feel that too much cannot be said of Dr. Clark's thoughtfulness in matters where their comfort and convenience have been concerned. Too much gratitude cannot, indeed, be given to a man who has spent not only his money but his time—even to the extent of foregoing part of a summer vacation—that he might carry out plans which should benefit the whole of the college community.

E. M., '97.

The report of Dr. Clark's resignation from the Board of Trustees cannot be allowed to pass without open expression of the deep regret that is so

widely felt among the students. We owe a very great debt of gratitude to Dr. Clark, not only for the actual and tangible benefits that his interest and energy have secured for us, but still more for the interest itself, the good will he has shown in personally interesting himself in our concerns, and in going to no small trouble to discover our needs and supply them. Dr. Clark may not know how fully he has the friendship of the students at large. Those of us who have known the charm of Dr. Clark's personality will feel his absence as an individual loss, and all regret an interested and active friend.

F. McM. Painter, '97.

Is there any one who has given to Wellesley more good-natured attention, more honest friendliness, than Dr. Clark? I think not. Why should we let him go without vigorously expressing our regret, and doing what we can to keep so good a friend?

S. V. Sherwood, '96.

It is difficult to realize that the Wellesley springtime is no longer a memory picture but a beautiful reality, and that the days are come when this year's seniors are sobered by the nearness of Commencement; yet the green things, and the soft, warm winds, force the truth upon us, and one "old girl" would speak some words of comfort to the Class of '96.

Before leaving the College Beautiful last June, a popular fallacy had been so firmly impressed upon my mind, as to give rise to the conviction that the first year out of college was necessarily the most unhappy period of a girl's existence, and that higher education probably unfitted a woman for the serene enjoyment of a quiet life at home. Strangely enough, this erroneous idea was due in great measure to conversations with certain college graduates; and since their authority seemed, at the time, to have great weight, I now, as a member of our noble army of alumnæ, bear an opposite testimony.

The dread of having nothing in particular to do, does not haunt the girls who plan to teach immediately. The fear lest they may "rust in shade" need not come to them. Those without definite plans for the coming year are the ones who should be cheered, and to them I would say that

though no glorious career has fallen to my lot; though it has not devolved upon me to assume all the household cares, yet this first year in the world has been most satisfactory, because it has brought new insight into human nature and an increased breadth of view.

Whether a girl lives in a large city or in a little town, she is sure to be surrounded by those who have had less of opportunity and of culture than herself, and she will quietly discover, that together with the pleasure of giving out a part of one's best self, comes an inestimable benefit from a closer contact with people. The absence of that indescribable something which characterizes the atmosphere of Boston and vicinity, is not fatal to the growth of one's ideals and aspirations. Indeed, it rather stimulates ambition, by making the individual responsibility greater. Sages have ever told us that no man is too narrow to have gained some real treasure from life's experience, yet the realization that "the same heart beats in every breast," is to most of us as a new discovery, and the smallest effort to help in hastening the coming of that "one, far-off divine event," is repaid in a way which makes life sweet and well worth the living.

L. M. P., '95.

Women everywhere are coming to a full recognition of their need of athletics. It is not the Wellesley women either that are among the laggards. Work here is being pushed along many lines. For this work to be efficient, moreover, it would be superfluous to say that worthy tools are necessities. Appreciation of this fact is shown in the crew boats and the tennis courts. Is it right, then, that perhaps the most popular sport of all, basket-ball, should put up with its present fields?

I have heard it officially stated that any part of the college grounds, exclusive of the campus, are open to the teams. In accordance with that statement it is probable that the two most suitable places have been selected. Yet beautiful as are our gently undulating grounds, they are ill adapted to such a use. The field in front of Music Hall is just uneven enough to be dangerously treacherous. The runner intent on the ball in mid-air cannot notice any falling or rising of the ground beneath her feet. She is liable to be thrown in a way impossible upon a level surface. One accident from such a cause has already occurred. The other field, the one used by '99 in

the opening on the way to Tupelo, if the next best place to the first field, certainly shows the advisability of clinging to that unless a wholly different step is taken. There the field is crowded on the top of the little plateau, with one side slipping for about three feet over its rather abrupt descent, and the other pushed close up to the bushes. A large oak standing in one of the back courts, although perhaps capable of giving welcome shade in the hot weather when the contests are off, is also a serious disadvantage.

Such, then, are the best grounds that are afforded, or that will be afforded for some time, it seems, since the hard-worked college treasury cannot level and grade for us. But such is the seeming, and the seeming only, of the case. There are better grounds—suitable grounds, two of them within our very hands if we will but close them, and that now. The Athletic Field is no longer a soft, grassless eyesore. It is to-day perfectly firm, and covered with a healthy, vigorous growth of grass. Though no longer the beautiful meadow, it is now an unobjectionable stretch of green. Here, then, is exactly what the basket-ball teams have been coveting. The '97 team has tried the field, and is willing to vouch for this. In its present condition the field is incomparably superior to anything else within our reach. If it should be rolled after a heavy rain, this superiority would be increased. Similar attention next spring to that received by the campus, would make the field all that is desirable. But that we do not ask; the place as it is, would be enough. Our new athletic association could relieve the College of future duties.

There is nothing, moreover, if we ask, and ask vigorously, to prevent our having this great good. A friend has offered to plant a botanical garden over what once seemed to be a monument to freshman foolishness. The kind thought need not be spurned now. We still will gratefully receive the botanical garden. Wellesley, with its three hundred ample acres, need not destroy the satisfaction of one desire to satisfy another for any lack of room. The little time left, then,—for in the nature of things it is to be expected that the garden will be begun this fall,—we must use well in bringing this matter to the ear of authority. More Free Press articles or a mass meeting are means ready to our hands. Our request is a reasonable one. If it is made known it will be granted, for authority is ever ready to listen to such.

MARY W. DEWSON, '97.

About the "loose screw" in our social life, there can be no doubt that there ought to be agitation. People outside say to us: "You at Wellesley? Have to work all the time, I suppose? Not much time for social life." And we have to confess to ourselves that though there might be time, there is very little chance. For a very great many of the girls our college life is one-sided, and is making them one-sided, and this is just what we do not want. College life should be broadening, with an all-round development, but ours in many cases is far too much on the intellectual side alone. Once in a while we realize that something is left out of the compound that ought to be there, and we grumble a little. Then we drop back into the old rut and forget, until some accident again rouses the need in us. Some organization like those mentioned in the April Magazine, at our large sister colleges, might go far to supply this need. Cannot something definite be done about it?

G. S., '98.

A recent Free Press article on the tendency here to lose sight of the social side of life, expressed a very general feeling. Yet any remedy broad enough to reach the whole College—especially those who need it most, the confirmed "grinds"—is hard to find. In fact the case of the latter is generally considered hopeless; but we all know of here and there a "grind" who under favorable circumstances would develop into—whatever the feminine equivalent is for a "good fellow"; a girl who could stand this process of evolution without prejudice to her college work. Such a girl merely drifts into the life of a "grind," because for various reasons it has been hard for her to find her own place in the social life of the College. Accustomed to a congenial home atmosphere and family friends, among whom she filled her own place, she finds it a strange experience to make new friends, and find a new place among such different surroundings. The independent girl gets over this difficulty comparatively easily, but her shyer sister, finding the struggle harder, often gives up this pleasant side of her college life altogether, and puts all her time and energy into her work. Such a girl does not need or care to work so hard, but has merely been drawn by circumstances into a sort of college life in which she is certainly not filling the best possible place, nor getting the most possible enjoyment. We have heard all this before, but not yet often enough to convince us that "grinding," espe-

cially in its early stages, is not an incurable malady, and that the patients are not more willing to be cured than we suppose.

To such girls, especially in their freshman year, such an organization as the Radcliffe "Idler" would be the greatest possible benefit, for it would give them a sort of social life that they peculiarly need; and this at the beginning of their college life, before people have begun to take them too seriously, expect them to "grind," and make it difficult for them to do anything else. And in this way they might be kept from a life which makes them less able to face the world as college graduates, than if they had never come here at all.

'97.

Of the "three subjects spoken of by the students," considered in the rank and file, the one dealing with our social life appeals to us most strongly. Every reasonable girl is well aware that not all the members of the student body can be received into the societies. The membership of each society is too limited to expect that they should be. Moreover, it is this comparatively small membership that gives the organizations half their charm. Every reasonable girl recognizes, also, the validity of loyalty on the part of all society members to their respective organizations. And she grants that limited society membership and loyalty to societies are quite consistent with a democratic spirit. But she does not see how a "democratic spirit" can be said to pervade Wellesley. A democratic spirit would diffuse a sense of fellowship among all the students. But the members of the societies form sisterly cliques with untresspassable bounds. The average girl goes through her college course with the finger-pressed-lip idea that nothing may even be said about these organizations. More than that,—and it is against this, and against this only, that she protests,—that a girl is not a member of a society means often that she is more or less ostracized. She is debarred in large measure from social relations with society members, many of whom are among the finest and noblest girls in college. And she is not taken for what she is, but for what she appears to be. Before we add another organization to our lists, then, let us make a few changes for the better in those we have already.

'97.

At a meeting of the library committee April 23, the chairman was instructed to express cordial gratitude to the Class of '97, for their generous gift of $85 to the library. We wish also to acknowledge the same in the Wellesley Magazine.

Elizabeth H. Denio,
Chairman of the Library Committee.

EXCHANGES.

The April exchanges show, for the most part, new names in the lists of editors, and one might expect some confusion and weakness arising from inexperience. But the magazines have, in general, come up to their standards well.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* shows an appreciative paper on "The Character of Arthur in the 'Idylls of the King.'"

We cannot agree with its Exchange editor as to all *Lit.* work being done by undergraduates. We feel that our alumnæ do not become aliens the day they leave College; they still belong to the College. So why should they not write for its Magazine?

In the same monthly an exquisite bit of verse is worth quoting:—

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Glimmering in the roseate dawn,
Far in yon purpling west,
Calm in the starry skies of night,
Deep in the sad sea's breast,
A spirit waits.

Muttering in the storm-cloud's gloom,
Pale in the heaven's glare,
Whispering low in the forest shade,
Bedewing each petal fair,
A spirit waits.

Waiting, sighing for some pure life
To fathom its mystery,
Longing some noble soul to find
To render its beauty free,
Beseeching waits.

The *Columbia Lit.* is a very good number, with several strong things in it. "Beethoven,—A Study in the Manner of Carlyle," is effective and clever, though, of course, such open imitation can never be the best sort of writing. "Two Sabbaths" is suggestively written. The little poem on "Philosophy" has a melancholy turn that suggests premature pessimism, but it is strong and interesting:—

"A-wandering through forests
Where there's no light nor way,
Whence there is no outcoming
Into the sun's bright day;
A search through tangled mazes;
Merely a bitter play,
Where wrinkled, graybeard children
Pursue o'er land and sea
Bubbles that burst in touching,
That e'er elude and flee,
Vain, foolish, galling plaything—
This is philosophy."

We heartily agree with the author of "A Springtide Homily," in the *Yale Lit.*, in condemning that vein of youthful cynicism, "the yellow school," that turns up rather too often in the college magazines. It means either morbid feelings or valueless imitation, and in either case has no place in our lives.

"As far as the East is from the West," in the *Smith Monthly*, will serve to illustrate this. The poem is clever and well finished, but it is thoroughly unhealthy. The good style could be put to better use.

"Plato on the Supreme Aim of Life," in the same monthly, is excellent, and shows careful thought.

The *Yale Lit.* publishes a Junior Prize Oration on "The Democratic Idea in College Life." While it refers primarily to affairs at Yale, it may make us all think about the social conditions in our own colleges. The writer speaks strongly of the mistaken attitude of the students toward the societies, of the wire-pulling, and false ambitions centering on society membership. He urges a manly freedom of speech. It is an interesting and important article.

The *University Courier* publishes a good sketch, "An Odd, Old Chap."

The *Amherst Lit.* contains a sad but interesting picture of the collegian as he writes his letters, "And He Wrote, Saying;" a careful "Study of Vanity Fair," and a particularly good bit of fiction, "The Disciple of Mediocrity."

From the *University of Virginia Magazine* we select "Not Quite a Prodigal," as deserving notice, and amid the large amount of verse, "Thy Name," as perhaps the best.

There is, in general, some excellent verse in the April magazines, and we regret that we have no further space for quoting.

BOOK REVIEWS.

At Wellesley. *Legenda* for 1896. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The College in general, and Ninety-Six in particular, have good reason to be proud of the *Legenda*. The idea of a legacy of college stories, instead of the traditional compilation of incidents more or less well known and faded, is admirable. The stories themselves it is not easy to estimate fairly from so near a standpoint. We have no perspective for them. It is as hard to judge of them as of the college life itself; we cannot see the wood for the trees. Written, perhaps, with somewhat less art than certain other stories of college girls, they have a most excellent quality of conscientiousness, which makes the strongest possible appeal to us who can value it. These never deliberately sacrifice probability to prettiness; the writers aim always to give as faithful a rendering as may be of the college life as they find it. To be sure, we must all have our little fling of criticism at this as at all things. One regret expressed is that so many of the stories depend for their interest upon the male element involved, whereas the most characteristic and most heartily enjoyed college life is indeed quite independent of men. Another possible improvement suggested is a greater proportion of the "fine" quality, which is, to be sure, well brought out in some of the stories. Many people, too, wish that the picturesqueness of Tree Day had been used as a background somewhere. Yet, on the whole, the pleasure we take in the reading is very great,—so great that it is hard to believe the interest is merely local.

The *Revue Philosophique* for April and the *New Review* for March, contain notices of Miss Thompson's book, *The Unity of Fichte's Doctrine of Knowledge*. The latter review is by Miss Calkins, and contains both a summary and a criticism of the book. After quoting from Professor Royce the remark, in his introduction, "Miss Thompson's interpretation will be found to be as independent and original as it is devoted and painstaking," Miss Calkins adds: "The author has desired only to give a clear and forcible presentation of Fichte's system, but, partly through the reaction of her own thought upon the doctrine she studies, partly through the virility and the directness of her style, she gains a power which is her own, not Fichte's, over the convictions of the reader."

We quote also the closing paragraph of the review: "An Appendix of more than a hundred pages substantiates every important position of the monograph, by quotations from all the principal works of Fichte, with an outline of his most forcible presentations of the doctrine in question. The combination of quotation and comment is a marvel of scholarship and good judgment. . . . Indeed, it is safe to say that no one can now afford to undertake the serious study of Fichte's philosophy without the expository and the philological assistance of this book."

Association: an Essay Analytical and Experimental, by Mary Whiton Calkins, appeared as a monograph supplement to the *Psychological Review* for February. The purpose of this monograph is to show that association is not a "psychic force" or an "activity of self," but a content of the mind,—a mental state: that there is no continuous power in the mind, or process, to which we give the name association, but that each individual association is a content of the mind—a state induced. Höffding's and Wundt's theories are discussed, and the reasons for considering their position untenable made clear. Miss Calkins's own definition of association is explained and made good. In this theory, as in many other psychological beliefs, Miss Calkins agrees with Professor Münsterberg of Harvard; but the development and elaboration in this monograph of her subject, the nature of association, and the new and complete classification made of cases of association, are her own contributions to psychological study.

An interesting series of experiments made at Wellesley and Harvard, to determine under what conditions of association things are best remem-

bered, is given in the last third of the pamphlet. The experiments were on association by sight and by hearing. It was found that things were better recalled by reason of frequent repetition of the associated sights or sounds than for their primacy, recency, or even for vividness. This is of interest both to students "learning lessons" and to sociologists trying to better the environments of the poor. We quote from Miss Calkins's closing remarks in this connection: "This significance of frequency is rather surprising. For though everybody recognizes the importance of repetition in forming associations, we are yet more accustomed to 'account for' these by referring to recent or to impressive combinations.

. . . . . .

"But this does not affect the importance of frequency as a corrective influence. Granted a sufficient number of repetitions, it seems possible to supplement, if not actually to supplant, associations which have been formed through impressive or through recent experiences. . . .

"The prominence of frequency is of course of grave importance, for it means the possibility of exercising some control over the life of the imagination, and of definitely combating harmful or troublesome associations."

The *American Journal of Psychology* for April contains an interesting "Study of the Dream Consciousness," by three of our psychologists, past and present, Miss Weed, Miss Hallam, and Miss Phinney.

The general tendency of the study, which is based on the careful observation of nearly four hundred dreams, is to show that in spite of the capriciousness and the irrationality of dream life, it has nevertheless an essential continuity with the waking experience. Thus these dreamers find memory, thought, choice, and æsthetic enjoyment in their dreams. The presence of reasoning—though in this case from very absurd premises—is illustrated by the following exact copy from a dream-record: *Dream 15* (The dreamer was waked by the rising-bell, but fell asleep again): "The devil came and suggested that he would change my self-consciousness, making me over into a person with no pressing duties, then allowing me to sleep as late as I wished without interference of conscience. I recognized that the suggestion was from the devil, and after considering the matter decided that I would not accept the offer, since the devil would probably cheat me."

Copies of this study, and of the other published reports of investigations of the Wellesley Psychological Laboratory, may be found in a pamphlet case on the small bookcase near the library stairs.

An attractive little volume in the Athenæum Press Series comes to us. Poems by John Keats. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arlo Bates.

Its gray-green binding with its gilt letters is very neat and pleasing, and when we open the volume the face of the poet greets us on its first page. The introduction includes a brief biographical sketch, an appreciation of Keats's character and genius, and an estimate of his work which is suggestive, sympathetic, and much to the point.

Mr. Bates discards the usual arrangement of the poems, leaving out much of the early work as well as many posthumous poems, while he places first the great odes, desiring thus to give the reader who for the first time comes to Keats's poems, a more just impression of them than would be received from the customary order.

The poems are not overloaded with notes, but those which are given are chiefly illustrative, suggestive as to sources of poems, and literary.

We have received from Ginn & Co. an Elementary German Reader, by O. B. Super, Professor of Modern Languages in Dickinson College.

The principle which he has pursued in this little book is, as he states it, this, "It is never possible to make the work too easy for your pupils." Consequently, all the reading contained in it is of the simplest character. Part I. gives very short selections which require almost no knowledge of grammar. This is followed by short stories, then by easy historical selections, and the last part consists in a small collection of short poems. The notes explain all the idioms found in the selections, and there is a good vocabulary.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The *Adelphoe of Terence;* edited by Wm. L. Cowles, A.M. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

SOCIETY NOTES.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held April 11. The following programme was presented:—

I. Russia's Political History in Outline .	Miss Wright.
II. Present Political Condition of Russia .	Miss Burnett.
III. Nihilism	Miss Evans.
IV. Russian Songs	Miss Hoyt.
V. The Siberian System	Miss Howland.
Current Topic: The Olympian Games .	Miss Brotherton.

A regular meeting of the Tau Zeta Epsilon Society was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Saturday evening, April 11. The programme was as follows:—

Lake Country.

I. *a.* Paper: Wordsworth.	
Selections from Wordsworth .	Miss Jauch.
II. *a.* Paper: { Southey / Coleridge } . . .	Miss Piper.
b. Selections from Coleridge . .	Miss Dudley.

The Society will be entertained on Monday, May 4, by Mrs. Warren, at her home, 67 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.

At the regular meeting of the Agora in Elocution Hall, April 15, Louise Hutcheson, '97, was received into the Society.

The following extemporaneous speeches on current topics were given:—

The Cuban Resolutions	Joanna Parker.
The English in Africa	Mary Cross.
The Significance of Crispi's Downfall .	Frances Rousmaniere.

The programme of the evening was on the currency question.

Free Silver	Mary North.
The Gold Standard	Sarah Hadley.
Bimetallism	Helen Buttrick.

Debate: Should the Fifty-Fourth Congress Adopt Bimetallism? Leaders, Joanna Parker and Miriam Hathaway.

Annie Vinal, '94, was present at the meeting.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held April 25. The following programme was presented:—

I.	Shakespeare News	Elisabeth Higgins.
II.	Comparative Poetic Styles of Shakespeare and Browning . . .	Bertha Straight.
III.	Dramatic Representation, As You Like It, Act III., Scenes 4 and 5 . .	
IV.	The Point of View; Youth and Old Age in the Earlier and Later Work of Shakespeare and Browning . .	Mary McLean.
V.	Dramatic Representation, King Lear, Act III., Scene 2 . . .	
VI.	Debate: Do Browning's Dramas Argue Conditions in the Nineteenth Century Unfavorable to Dramatic Expression?	

Miss Blake, '95, was present at the meeting.

Miss Annie J. Cannon received the Society at her home in the village on Saturday afternoon, April 11, and Mrs. Rothery on Monday, the 27th. The Society held its annual birthday celebration on Friday evening, April 24.

A regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held at the house of Miss Bates on Saturday evening, April 25. The following was the programme:—

SHELLEY'S IDEALS.

I.	Shelley's Conception of Love as seen in the Epipsychidion . . .	Emily Baxter.
II.	The Music in Shelley's Lyrics . .	Eunice Smith.
	Song: The Indian Serenade . .	
III.	Shelley's Conception of Immortality	Katherine Pinkham.
IV.	Shelley's Treatment of Nature . .	

COLLEGE NOTES.

College opened April 7.

Miss Elizabeth Seelman, '98, who had been forced by illness to leave before the end of the term, returned to college during vacation, to remain until the end of the term.

Miss Anne Bixby, '97, contracted malignant diphtheria in New York during vacation, and was in a critical condition for several days at the Millard Parker Hospital. She is now steadily improving.

The freshman crews were organized during the first week of the term. Miss Griswold was made captain of the crew proper. There are five "temporary crews," whose captains are Misses Laird, Hemphill, Bishop, McCammon, and Thayer. Including coaches and substitutes, there are in all ninety freshmen in crew work. The freshman basket-ball was also organized, with Miss Burt as captain.

On April 9 about thirty pupils from the New York State Library School, Albany, visited the College. Miss Matilda Avery, Wellesley, '91, was in charge of the party, which included a number of other former Wellesley students.

On the evening of the same day Mr. Amos Wells, editor of the *Golden Rule*, was present at the weekly prayer meeting.

At a meeting of the Class of Ninety-seven on April 10, Miss Haskell resigned her office as first junior historian. Miss Baxter was declared elected in Miss Haskell's place.

The lecture in the Current Topics course on Saturday, April 11, was given by Miss Cecilia Waern, of New York City, who has studied art in most European countries. The subject was "How to Judge a Picture," and Miss Waern illustrated points from pictures in the college collections.

Dean Hodges, of the Cambridge School of Divinity, preached in the chapel on April 12, and in the afternoon read, by request, one of his Lowell lectures, "How to Make the Indifferent Different."

In the evening the usual Easter vesper service took place. The Beethoven Society and the Glee Club took choral parts. The soloists were Misses Battison, Chapman, Ely, and Gilchrist.

President Andrews, of Brown, lectured Monday evening, April 13, on "Liberalism in Politics."

The '97 crew went out on the lake April 14; it was the first to appear this year.

Professor James lectured to the Philosophical Club of Harvard, April 15. Miss Calkins and some of her department heard him.

Mr. Alpheus Hyatt lectured in the Natural History Rooms, Boston, on "Evidences of the Descent of Man from the Ape." A deputation from the zoölogical department was present.

Miss Dudley, head worker at Denison House, gave a talk in the afternoon about the new house, 91 Tyler Street, to be added to Denison House. The Wellesley undergraduate chapter wishes to furnish the first floor of the house, which is to be thrown into one large room. The graduate chapter is to lay a hard wood floor.

Miss H. M. Bennett resigned from her position as Special Editor of the Magazine, April 15. Miss Eddy, Special, was elected in Miss Bennett's stead.

"At Wellesley," the '96 "Legenda," was put on sale in the first floor centre, April 16. This is a book of stories and verse based on college life at Wellesley. The statistical lists published heretofore in the "Legendas" will appear this year in a separate issue.

On Saturday evening, April 18, Mr. George Riddle gave a reading of Macbeth in the chapel. Many of those who compared his rendering with that of Irving and Terry find the balance of power and imagination in favor of Mr. Riddle.

On April 18 the Junior reception was given to the Freshmen. A play was presented, called an Intercollegiate Match, written by four of the principal actors, Miss Crumb, Miss Dennison, Miss Brotherton, and Miss Freeman.

Rev. Mr. B. D. Halm, of Springfield, preached on April 19.

Mr. William Hamilton Gibson gave a lecture on Monday evening, the 20th, illustrated by his remarkable floral charts.

The announcement of the Summer School shows more courses than ever before. The dates are from July 8 to August 19. The courses are as follows:—

Two courses in	Natural History	. . .	Mr. A. P. Morse.
Two "	" English and American History		Miss Kendall.
Three "	" German	. . . .	Fräulein Müller.
Three "	" French	. . . .	Mdlle. Roth.
Two "	" Greek and Latin	. .	Dr. Webster.

It is announced that Fräulein Beinhorn will conduct a traveling party through Europe in the summer, and then open a pension at her home in Hanover.

On Thursday the 23d a party of about thirty chaperoned by Miss Bates, Miss Woolley, and Dr. Roberts, saw Irving and Terry's Macbeth.

At a meeting of the Class of '99, April 24, the resignation of Miss McFarland, the president of the Class, was accepted. Miss Plympton was elected president in Miss McFarland's stead.

A mass meeting was held April 24 to consider the matter of a College Athletic Association. A constitution for an association, which should be known as the Wellesley College Athletic Association, was approved by the students and submitted to the Academic Council.

The Current Topics lecture, April 25, was on "Political Science," by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, President of the Women's National Republican Club.

Mr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y., preached in the chapel on April 26.

Miss Andrews and Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, gave a concert Monday evening, the 27th, in the chapel.

May Day was celebrated by the Seniors with caps, gowns and hoops, after Ninety-Five's precedent. Ninety-Six added a May Day flower dance.

Mr. Ward, of the Boston *Herald*, gave a talk to Miss Willcox's class in Journalism, on the afternoon of May Day.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Sunday, May 17.—Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.
Monday, May 18.—Beethoven Concert.
Saturday, May 23.—Mr. Dutton.
Friday, May 29.—Glee Club Concert.
Monday, June 1.—Students' Concert.
Friday, June 5.—Tree Day.
Sunday, June 7.—Dr. McKenzie.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

All Wellesley alumnæ, and all former members of the College, are referred to the articles in this issue of the Magazine under the head, "The College Beautiful," to the leading editorial and to the *Free Press*.

The Chicago Wellesley Club met on Saturday, March 14, in the parlors of the Le Moyne building. After a delightful talk by Prof. Wm. Tomlins upon "The Song Faculty," an informal reception was held and tea served. Mrs. Alice Hinchliff Lay was chairman of the entertainment committee. About forty Wellesley girls were present.

The Boston Wellesley College Club assembled at "The Thorndike," Boston, Saturday, April 18, for its annual luncheon, and a large and merry company joined in the festivities of the afternoon. Retta L. Winslow, '88, President of the club, was toastmistress, and introduced the following "feast of reason": "Out of Academic Groves and Grooves," Louise Manning Hodgkins; "Wellesley's Youngest Daughters," Mary C. Adams, '95; "Vocal Music," Alice S. Clement, '91; "Wellesley's Second Generation," Alice Jones Shedd, '93; "The College Beautiful," Katharine Lee Bates, '80.

The meeting was voted quite the social success of the club's history. Among the guests of the afternoon were Harriet R. Pierce, '88, Westboro, and Mrs. Marion Parker Perrin, '91, Rochester, N. Y.

The Cleveland Wellesley Club held its April meeting at the home of Mrs. Helen Pope Stanley, and was well attended. The programme for the afternoon was arranged with the idea of making the members more intelligent regarding Wellesley matters. The topics informally presented and discussed were, "Requirements for Admission to the Various Women's Colleges," "The New Curriculum," "Recent Changes," and "Special Advantages of Wellesley." All were glad to hear of the progress that has been made in the College, and were proud of being Wellesley's daughters. After light refreshments Alma Mater was sung, the Wellesley cheer given, and a most delightful afternoon was at an end. The new officers are Miss Louise Pope, '91, president; Miss Faith Barkwill, '93, vice president; Miss Lydia O. Pennington, '93, secretary; and Miss Frances Seaton, '88, treasurer. The club holds quarterly meetings this year.

The annual business meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held on Saturday, April 25, at the home of Mrs. R. H. M. Danbarn. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Miss Bertha Bailey, '88; Vice President, Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, '83; Secretary, Mrs. Henrietta Wells Livermore, '87; Executive Committee, Mrs. Frances Pearsons Plympton, '84, Miss Grace Underwood, '92, Miss Annette Finnegan, '94; Reception Committee, Mrs. Stella Stickney van Laer, '84, Mrs. Edwina Shearn Chadwick, '80, Miss Louise Brown, '92; Press Committee, Miss Bertha Palmer, '91, Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, Mrs. Virginia Yeaman Remmitz, '83–'86; College Settlement Committee, Miss Grace Underwood, '92, Miss Elsie Pierce, '91–'92, Miss Candace Stimson, '92.

Miss Vida D. Scudder read a paper on "The Greek Spirit in Shelley and Browning," April 28, before the Boston Browning Society.

The Nation announces that "on March 6 the faculty of the University of Heidelberg conferred the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy *magna cum laude* on Miss Alice H. Luce, who after graduating at an American University devoted herself to philosophy at Leipzig and Heidelberg." Miss Luce is a member of Wellesley, '83.

Miss Una Lodor, '86, is teaching in Miss Gordon's School, 4112 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Miss Margaret T. Algoe, '88, is teaching in the High School, Muskegon, Mich. Address, 235 Jefferson Street.

The engagement of Miss Vinnette Crain, '88, is announced.

A picture of the son of Mrs. Florence Yost Humphries, teacher in Latin, '88–'89, is on the cover of the April number of *Babyland*, as a picture of an unusually stalwart lad of one year.

Miss Harriet L. Constantine, '89, spent her spring vacation in Washington, with Miss Elizabeth Mayse, '92. At the same time Miss May Banta, '89, was visiting Miss Emma Teller, '89.

Miss Harriet L. Constantine sails for England, Scotland, and Holland June 20. She returns September 2.

Miss Katharine Lane, '89, sails for Europe June 27, to spend the summer months.

Miss Emma Teller, '89, visited her classmate, Miss Grace Andrews, in New York, the last ten days of March.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, spent the first week of April in Washington, then came on through Philadelphia to Wellesley for two days.

Miss Julia A. Haynes, '87–89, is teaching Science in the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Miss Mabel Doolittle, '90, lives at 78 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., and teaches in the Yonkers High School.

Miss Mary L. Fish, '90, is teaching in the High School, Brunswick, Me.

Miss Charlotte E. Halsey, '90, is teaching in the High School of Oil City, Pa. Her address is 318 Central Avenue.

Miss Ethel Glover, '90, sailed for Europe April 25.

Miss Alma Beale, '91, is teaching in the High School, Naugatuck, Conn.

Miss Louise Danielson, '91, is teaching in the New Britain, Conn., High School.

Miss Clara E. Emerson, '91, is teaching Greek in the North Wisconsin Academy, Ashland, Wis.

Miss Mabel Frost, '91, is teaching music, and is organist of a church in South Manchester, Conn.

Miss M. Emogene Hazeltine, '91, has an article, "Maintaining the Public Library by Endowment," in *The Library Journal* for March, 1896.

Miss Bertha Palmer, '91, will spend the summer in Europe with Professor and Mrs. Palmer.

Mrs. Sue Tayler Grimley, '91, with Mr. Grimley, spent a few hours at the College late in February. Mrs. Grimley was in America for a month's visit with her parents in Orange, N. J.

Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91, spent her spring vacation with Miss Amy Mothershead, '91, in New York.

Miss Edith Bancroft, '92, spent several days at the College the second week in April.

Miss Katharine Eliot, '92, has been visiting Miss Bettie Keith, '93, in Selma, Ala.

Miss Dora Bay Emerson, '92, has had a class in physiology at the New York Settlement during the winter.

Miss Henrietta A. Mirick, '92, is keeping house for her uncle in Anamora, Ia., as well as doing work toward a master's degree.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn E. Parkes, '92, to Mr. Floyd Adams, of the Theological Seminary of Rochester University, is announced.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has secured money to furnish a room at the New York Settlement.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, sailed for Greece the latter part of April.

Miss Harriet B. Chapman, 93, took her degree of M. D. at Cleveland Medical College, March 18.

Miss Mabel McDuffee, '93, has been teaching in Kent, El Paso Co., Texas.

Miss Edna C. Spaulding, '93, is teaching in St. Mary's School, 8 East 46th Street, New York City.

Miss Matilda Goulding, '91–93, visited the College April 10.

Miss Anna H. Blauvelt, '94, is teaching in the Vail-Dean School, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Miss Grace B. Carr, '94, is High School assistant in Wilton, N. H.

Miss Susie W. Eaton, '94, is teaching in the Danvers, Mass., High School.

Miss Bertha Jackson, '94, is teaching as High School assistant in Oakland, Me.

Miss Jennette Moulton, '94, is teaching in Power's Institute, Bernardston, Mass.

Miss Helen Stahr, '94, is teaching in the High School at her home, Lancaster, Pa.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Hart, '92–94, is teaching Biology in Western College, Oxford, Ohio.

Miss Avery, '91, Miss Newman,' 92, Miss Pond, '93, Miss Bullock, Sp., '92–94, were with a class from the Albany Library School, April 9, at Wellesley.

Miss Edith S. Boardman, '95, is teaching in Taylersville, R. I.

Miss Ida M. Brooks, '95, is teaching in the High School, Hubbardston Centre, Mass.

Miss Winifred E. Hill, '95, is teaching in the Ashby, Mass., High School.

Miss Abby W. Howes, '94–95, is teaching in Wakefield, Mass. Address, 7 Salem Street.

Miss Mabel Smith, '95, is principal of the Granby High School. Address, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Charlestown, Mass.

Miss Marion Lee Taylor, '95, is teaching during the spring term at Troy Conference Academy, Poultney, Vt.

Miss E. R. Waite, '95, is assistant in Bacon Academy, Colchester, Conn.

Miss Grace Woodin, '95, is assistant in the Elizabethtown, N. Y., Union School.

The comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," was reproduced at Cincinnati by the College Club, April 28, 1896, for the benefit of the Social Settlement. Among the *dramatis personæ* were Mary Young Allison, '90, Mary Isham, '94, Sarah Hickenlooper, '94, Adelaide Miller, '94.

It is proposed to introduce the most modern system of instruction in the sewing clubs of the New York College Settlement. To this end a training class has been formed of resident and outside workers, conducted by Mrs. L. T. Robinson, directress of sewing in the industrial school of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York.

A conference on children's sewing was held at the Settlement Friday, April 3. Addresses were made by ladies of long experience with industrial training, and examples of sewing were shown from French, German, English and Danish, as well as American schools.

Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, spent a part of April at 95 Rivington Street.

The little Kindergarten children have experienced all the joy of springtime, watching the crocuses come up in the back yard. Everyone has begun to talk now of the country.

PHILADELPHIA SETTLEMENT.

The surroundings of the Settlement have undergone a complete change during the last year. The tenements along Carver, Seventh and Lombard Streets have been torn down, and the space is to be converted into a park and playground. This is due to the efforts of the Settlement. The houses facing this cleared space have undergone repairs, and the Coffee House on the corner of Lombard and Seventh is an immense improvement over the ramshackle tenements which formerly occupied the site.

The Coffee House is in charge of one of the residents, and is already well patronized. The second floor is occupied by the Library, now under the charge of the Free Library Association. Some of the rooms over the Coffee House have been fitted up for residents. Swarthmore has furnished one in the college colors, and the Bryn Mawr girls have money ready for another.

Miss Sara Groff, '89, and Miss Helen Foss, '94, have had coal clubs at the Settlement during the winter.

Miss Mary Marvell, '94, spent the first week in April at the Settlement.

Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, was at the Settlement April 6–13. She spent one of these days with her classmates, Misses Mary L. Bean Jones and Mary E. Stinson, in Norristown.

BIRTHS.

April 3, 1896, in Lansingburgh, N. Y., a second son to Mrs. Kate Hicks Brown, '89.

April 13, 1896, in New Britain, Conn., a daughter, Elizabeth Sternberg, to Mrs. Amalie Sternberg Traut, '91.

DEATHS.

The mother of Hattie Howe, '89.

February 3, 1896, at his home in Terryville, Conn., J. W. Clark, father of Mabel Clark, '92.

April 3, 1896, at the Vail-Dean School, Elizabeth, N. J., after an illness of three days, Miss Belle F. Eggleston, '90–91.

April 4, 1896, at her home in West Philadelphia, after a long and tedious illness, Bessie R. Mackey, of the Class of '89.

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